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Next week the SATURDAY REVIEW will publish the first of Mr. H. Fielding-Hall's Indian Studies, "The New Delhi".

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Masterman has licked the stamp in Bethnal Green. It is true that the Unionist candidate polled less than his opponents together, and that this has enabled the Radical Press to explain that the turning out of Mr. Masterman is a victory for Home Rule. Explaining the figures is a privilege one always allows to the beaten side. Bethnal Green, however, is not easily explained away. Every electioneer knows how rare it is for a sitting candidate to be turned away when he has just been promoted to high office. Constituents are always ready to regard the promotion of their member as an honour for themselves. Bethnal Green has rejected this honour. Mr. Masterman's defeat is the snub direct for the Government. The Government's unpopularity has been stayed neither by Mr. Masterman's explanations to the casual labourers of his late constituency of benefits to come under the Insurance Act, nor by his prestige as Cabinet Minister elect.

The meeting in the City on Wednesday shows how deeply the Irish position is felt by men who are not, first and last, politicians. The business men of London have unanimously resolved that "it is impossible to carry into effect the Home Rule Bill now before the country"—not that it is inadvisable, or bad policy, or imprudent, but that it is impossible. Mr. Balfour and Sir Edward Carson spoke. The sense of the meeting was put in Mr. Balfour's demand for a "clean cut"—nothing but a clean cut would do. No mere modifying or trimming of the Bill with safeguards would satisfy the Unionists. Nor could they, if they would, be satisfied. If Ulster is not clearly excluded, cut clean out of the Bill, Ulster will resist.

Lord Murray of Elibank has, at last, given an account of his Marconi dealings. He comes out of it

about the same as his colleagues came out of their explanation. He has expressed his regret—though perhaps more to the Liberal Party than to the country. He has confessed he committed an error. The Government Press seems to think this ought to soften all our hard hearts. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer also, we recall, confessed—ultimately—in the same way: and then he went away and got fêted at a big champagne spread at the National Liberal Club. We suspect confessions that close in *Clicquot* or in *Krug*.

It is really foolish and worse than useless for the Government Press to insist that everybody is "bored", "sick of", the Marconi affair. We know something about the Unionist Party—which, if not "everybody", is at least somebody—and we can tell our contemporaries of the Government Press that the Unionists are not at all "bored" by the Marconi affair. Doubtless the Government Party is "sick" of the whole thing; but, like the dog, it has got to return to its vomit: Lord Amthill has done well to whip it back.

The House of Lords have decided to inquire. The question touches two of their members—Lord Murray and Lord Reading. Lord Murray was not examined at all by the Commons Committee; Lord Reading was examined, but to a lawyer of his acumen there must have been something painfully unjudicial about the manner in which his evidence was taken. The insistence by Lord Lansdowne upon the judicial character of the House of Lords Committee was wise. We want only the facts and a clear judgment. The House of Lords will more than justify its existence if it can probe this matter to the heart.

The Government have put no obstacle in the way of the Committee. But it looks as if the Liberal peers may refuse to take any active part. These tactics are clever; but would they succeed? Radical orators, if the Liberal peers refuse *en bloc* to sit on the Committee, will, of course, mock at the proceedings of a "Committee of Tory Landlords". Nevertheless, this game has rarely succeeded. The Radical peers may walk

out of this business with noses tip-tilted in the air; but sulky abstention has always a weak appearance. If Lord Lansdowne can, as he evidently will, ensure that the Committee is judicially strong—with a posse of Law Lords—Radical abstention will do more mischief to Lord Murray than to the peers who are giving him an opportunity to clear his reputation.

Mr. Hobhouse, asked by Major Archer Shee in the House this week, would not hear of reimbursing Mr. Taylor, of the Post Office. He took his own tip and dealt in Marconis—"clearly a most improper transaction". The little dog who offends is whipped and kicked from his kennel. Now, when the big dog—who can growl and bite—offends, you give him a bone. You lunch him.

The principle is now firmly established that after an apology in the House of Commons no more needs to be said. The important thing is to get your candidate into the House. Then you apologise for the means whereby he has arrived, and the story, for him, ends happily. This was once a paradox, but the time gives it proof. The last proof is Mr. Gulland's error of judgment as to Wick Harbour. An error of judgment is to-day the highway to political success. Do something that looks politically rather smarter than public decency can tolerate. Then plead stupidity. Mr. Gulland, on Monday, cheerfully described himself as incredibly stupid and careless; Mr. Asquith, endorsing this description, reminded the House that it was ever kind to its fools. So Mr. Gulland escapes all censure, and Mr. Munro enjoys a seat in Parliament won for him by the folly of his friend.

Mr. Joynson-Hicks reminded the House on Monday of similar fits of folly on the part of the Government in the heat of by-elections during the last few years. At Dundee in 1908 it became known, owing to an indiscretion of the party managers, that some local relief as to the sugar duty might reasonably be expected. In Cleveland, too, a telegram from the Board of Trade, of great interest to the electors, carelessly wore the appearance of being an appeal to local interests. The outworkers of Yeovil were indiscreetly comforted just at the time when a Radical candidate desired to be popular. Then Lord Lincolnshire, lately, desiring to reassure the small-holding voters of South Bucks, wired to Mr. Lloyd George. Inopportunely, the answer came just as Lord Lincolnshire arrived at a meeting; and, most indiscreetly, the answer was, plainly and simply, "Yes". Now we are thinking of Mr. Masterman in Bethnal Green. Mr. Masterman on Friday of last week imprudently published an announcement that the Government were hoping to deal at once with casual labour at the Docks—to help such labourers as the labourers of Bethnal Green. Mr. Lloyd George tells us that the scheme has been hatching for months. Was it not the more careless—or the more calculated—to announce it only a week ago?

We often stop to hear street-corner politicians in various parts of London, and sometimes Hyde Park orators. Their language is crude enough, and their jests personal. But, so far as we have noticed, their buffoonery is not more ribald than the Chancellor of the Exchequer chooses to be to-day. His latest exhibition—over the Duke of Montrose and the Cathcart School—might fairly pass belief. Cannot the Prime Minister do a little something to curb these growing offences against our public life?

One often hears of the pains of office—of the relief in giving up its keys. But no statesman has yet told us about a particular pain of office—namely, what he may endure through too close contact with a colleague who wants dignity. There is a statesman to-day who could tell us something on this score. Mr. Asquith has taste. He has dignity, and a fine understanding of what decorum and address should be in men who hold the highest offices. The SATURDAY REVIEW has never questioned this. No matter how high and strong

party feeling runs, the Prime Minister does not for a moment forget good form. When he smashed the Constitution and—as we hold—played false with the King over the Parliament Act—he smashed it and played false in at least good style. Picture him, then, having to walk arm in arm, and sit cheek by jowl, with the hero of Limehouse and of the Marconi affair!

Mr. Bonar Law spoke hard and clear this week in the House on Unionist tariff policy. Certainly no one can complain that the outline he drew was vague—that it allowed of any misunderstanding. Tariff Reform will not be smuggled away in the next election. "We shall mention it in our election addresses, and the country will know exactly what we are going to do." It will hereafter be unnecessary for Unionists in office to labour, as Mr. Asquith so often labours to-day, to explain that the electors really might have known, had they really puzzled it out, what the Government intended to do.

One of the best passages in this speech was Mr. Bonar Law's picture of Mr. Lloyd George—the Farmer's Friend. He told again the story—a story which must not be forgotten in the country constituencies—of Mr. George and the Agricultural Rates Act. Mr. George had to be suspended in the House for the venomous ferocity of his resistance to this measure—the most important measure that has been brought forward in this generation for the relief of agriculture.

The appeal for help of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society should certainly be answered. Here is an investment offered to all benefactors which will pay interest in full measure. Organisation is expensive—an expensive machine in which capital has to be sunk; but, in the end, it is true economy. Organisation is especially necessary for agriculture, if agriculture is to be successfully run. What it has already done for Ireland is fully realised by the Nationalist Members of Parliament, who have seen the needs and sufferings of rural Ireland gradually disappear under the splendid efforts of Sir Horace Plunkett for years past. Sir Horace Plunkett's Society has bravely worked at a disadvantage. Every device of political intrigue and falsehood has been used by the Irish professional politician to oppose rural reform in Ireland. The Nationalist politician, under Land Purchase and Agricultural Organisation, sees his stock-in-trade as an agitator rapidly vanishing. He has lived on the sufferings of Ireland, and he instinctively protects himself against a Society—not a political Society—which visibly takes the ground from beneath him.

The obstacles put by Mr. T. W. Russell in the way of co-operation and organisation in Ireland—the persistent jealousy of the political clique in Dublin—is a sordid party tale of which the public should be from time to time reminded. Now is an opportunity to show a profitable regard for agriculture in these islands. Let all who really care for Irish prosperity dissociate themselves from the passive opposition which Mr. Redmond's followers have always offered to all practical schemes for the bettering of Ireland. Such voluntary subscription automatically adds three times its amount (from public sources) to the Society's income; and only £100,000 a year is required. The Society's branches extend, of course, through England and Scotland, as well as Ireland; and its good work will not benefit the small farmers alone. Co-operation, cheapening transport, and helping the smallholders to live on the land, will also cheapen food and relieve congestion in the towns. The donor who helps the Agricultural Organisation Society can assume that his money will not be wasted.

The Government's majority fell to 62 in the Welsh Disestablishment amendment. Through all its career this Bill has only survived by a hair. If it were not for the fidelity of the Nationalists, who care nothing at all

about Disestablishment, and have contributed nothing to its discussion, the Bill could not have been introduced. In Committee it struggled through upon majorities of 23 and 24. This week's vote reflects an immense effort of the Government Whips. It is the best they can do in a House newly come from a holiday.

Mr. Balfour, speaking in this debate, cut clean through the feeble stuff of Mr. McKenna's argument concerning the Welsh by-elections. Suppose it were clear that a majority of Welsh people wanted this Government Bill. Must every measure for Wales that has a local majority in its favour necessarily pass the House of Commons? That, said Mr. Balfour, is not Welsh patriotism: it is Welsh separatism. Apparently, he added, you may divide the United Kingdom up as you please into fractions, and then whatever the majority of representatives in any of the fractions decides is good for that fraction is to be passed, obediently, without debate. "Mr. Balfour sees here an impossible doctrine—" absolutely subversive of Parliamentary government in any shape or form ".

The history of the Parliamentary progress of the Welsh Church Bill shows, perhaps more clearly than any other, the fraudulent way in which the Parliament Act is working. In defence of the Parliament Act, when first it was discussed, Mr. Asquith emphasised, as its chief virtue, that no measure could pass into law until public attention had been concentrated upon it for a considerable time—that Ministers, from discussion in the country and other evidence as to how public opinion was affected towards it, would be able to amend or postpone a measure of which any doubt might intervene as to its popularity. Does the Government really suggest that public opinion has been concentrated upon Welsh Disestablishment? Is Mr. Lloyd George's land campaign intended to concentrate public attention on any one of the Government measures now going forward under the Parliament Act? Has the Government paid the least attention to such evidence of public opinion as has in the case of the Welsh Bill been forced upon it? Has it allowed any weight to the demonstrations, petitions, and speeches all over the country—evidence, abundant and clear, that this Bill is not wanted by the electors?

The Dublin Police are completely cleared of all blame by the report of the inquiry in Dublin. All the wicked stories against the Police in Dublin, against the Royal Irish Constabulary, and against the Police in England, are faked up falsehoods by malignant sentimentalism. The Police are splendid.

We do not want to single out for special praise one body of the Police in the British Isles against another. Patience, forbearance, courtesy often in trying conditions, equal consideration for all men who keep the law, and a great sense of duty—these are characteristics of the Police generally in this country. But we may say something particularly about the Royal Irish Constabulary, seeing that the Home Rule Bill so largely concerns that force. The Royal Irish Constabulary are a force by themselves, not quite like any other in this country. We believe that there is no finer force in the world. We go wholly with Mr. Turner and others who at various times in the SATURDAY REVIEW have written in high terms of this devoted body of men.

General Botha's speech in defence of the Union Government's action was less satisfactory than that of General Smuts. This does not mean that General Smuts is the better man, but that he spoke first. He covered the ground so thoroughly that there was little left for his leader to say. Meanwhile, we note the statement by the Colonial Office that all the deported men are either born or naturalised British subjects. This clears possible foreign complications out of the way.

President Wilson's difficulties in Latin America increase. A revolution in Peru faces him with another unconstitutional Government with which he will find it difficult to deal. Moreover, at Haiti government has entirely ceased. In Mexico President Huerta shows as yet no disposition to realise that President Wilson's latest decree as to the importation of arms is the start of his undoing.

The general feeling that Mr. Widener is welcome to his Raphael at £140,000 is justified. An agreeable, graceful picture, beautifully drawn, but lacking significant emotion, it has reached the zenith of its reputation hastened by this advertisement. Presumably it will not have to face the ordeal of another sale; it is probably destined for a public gallery in accordance with the public spirit of most American collectors.

Mr. Edmund Gosse very reasonably distrusts State support for the Arts. Fine art and Parliamentary Government are not easily brought together. The State sets up a standard; and a standard, for fine art, is death. A Ministry of Fine Arts—letters, painting, sculpture and music, run by department—does not promise a world wholly beautiful or a public wholly sensitive. Especially is a State Academy to be feared in England. English art does not prosper under an Academy.

"The illimitable, the fascinating subject of smells"—this was the part of Mr. Kipling's inspired talk this week to the Geographical Society which is best remembered. "Have you noticed", asked Mr. Kipling, "whenever a few travellers gather together one or the other is sure to say: 'Do you remember that smell at such and such a place?' Then he may go on to speak of camel—pure camel—one whiff of which is all Arabia. . . . Then the company begin to purr like cats at Valerian, and, as the books say, conversation becomes general".

Mr. Kipling, smelling his way from Pole to Pole, at last came to speak of leadership—of the men who have led the way into the uncharted wilderness. What is this mysterious quality of leadership? "It is one of the mysteries of personality that virtue should go out of certain men to uphold—literally to ennoble their companions, even while their own nerves are like wire, and then our mouths are full of the taste of fever." These are the born "travellers". How this talk of Mr. Kipling shames the traveller who thinks only of hotels and sleeping-cars! If the men of whom Mr. Kipling speaks are travellers, we must find another word for these others. These others are merely passengers.

People often wonder what the mysterious thing named "style" in writing truly is; and they well may wonder, for every attempt ever made to get into words a definition of it proves a miserable failure. We know it is not grammar, or pedantry, or exactitude, or affectation and the use of whimsical and archaic words and phrases; but that does not get us very far. The only way is to go to the great masters and study it there at its source. For style in writing, pure and lovely, for live words full of light and flame, we see an example in Swinburne's fragment on Sappho, which we print with delight in the SATURDAY REVIEW this week. There is the authentic thing, unmistakable.

It lives and it burns, and here are attributes of real style in writing which are rarely or never absent. It is intensely, impatiently sincere; and here is another sure attribute. That style can be got by constant practice, by taking "infinite pains" even, is not for a moment to be believed—though clean and excellent writing, free from worn cliché and disgusting periphrases and ponderous sesquipedalian words, can certainly be acquired by those means. Writing is an art which writers ought to—but often do not—practise with all zeal and industry. Style has in it something above art.



## LEADING ARTICLES.

## LORD MURRAY'S APOLOGY.

LORD MURRAY'S apology to the House of Lords was ample in form but inadequate in substance. It expressed contrition; but it did not cover the facts. In some respects it was needlessly abasing—for the phrases of regret were a chorus where one simple avowal would have done; but it was silent on essential points.

The late Chief Whip of the Liberal Party admitted what we already knew—transactions on his private account and on behalf of his party in American Marconis. He neither admitted nor denied, what is fundamental in the case against him, that he and his colleagues, Lord Reading in one House and Mr. Lloyd George in the other, profited by a tip from a Government contractor and obtained shares at a time when the general public could not obtain them, at a price at which the general public could not obtain them. In the market phrase, the late Attorney-General, the late Chief Whip, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer "got in on the ground floor"; but the Liberal Party, of whose finances Lord Murray was then in charge, had no such fortune. The party funds were invested later, in the open market—that is to say, at something between two and three times the price which the trio had paid. One hardly knows whether to congratulate or condole with the Liberal Party over the fact that it did not, like some of its chosen leaders, profit from inside information on that particular occasion. The preservation of its virtue, as other incidents show, was perhaps accidental.

But if Lord Murray profited more than his party on that transaction, he may have thought himself justified for the reasons here following. A few months previously it is alleged that he used inside information, not from a Government contractor but from the Government itself, to buy Home Rails for the party funds. It was the time of the coal strike, when the price of Home Rails was low, and when the settlement of the strike—of which Lord Murray, as a member of the Government, had necessarily earlier information than the public—was likely to make railway stocks appreciate in price. Such an appreciation has, in fact, since taken place, and it must be admitted that Lord Murray did good business for his party. Lord Murray may have thought that, having given the party an advantage from inside information in the first case, he was justified in telling the party to wait a little in the second case. They indelicately profited from Home Rails, but he indelicately profited from American Marconis.

As to the transactions in Home Rails Lord Murray was silent. Yet the charge of using inside information in that case was hardly less grave than in the other; a man acutely sensitive for his own and his party's name would have met the accusation promptly and rebutted it—if it could be rebutted. The accusation has been clearly made. Are we to take it that there is no answer?

One admission, indeed, Lord Murray made, with an apparent frankness that has been commonly absent from this affair. "But for the failure of a stockbroker nothing would probably have been known by the public about the party fund transaction in American Marconis. I admit to your Lordships that that is so." Had it not been, in fact, for an unforeseen contingency, the deal in Home Rails and the deal in American Marconis would both have remained secret. But the admission as it stands is incomplete. At the time when Lord Murray and his two friends, Sir Rufus Isaacs and Mr. Lloyd George, placed themselves under an obligation to a Government contractor by accepting a tip from Mr. Godfrey Isaacs, there was no more reason to suppose that their private dealings would become known than the party fund transactions. The logical extension of Lord Murray's admission is incontestable.

But the inner history of this business has been developed a little by Lord Murray's statements. In April he and two of his colleagues purchased the shares, in-

delicately, as we contend, unwisely as they now admit, from a Government contractor. By an unhappy coincidence, these three men were the three of all others whom a Government contractor would choose to have under an obligation. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is responsible for the grant of public money to contractors, the Attorney-General for the legal form in which a contract is drawn, the Chief Whip for the votes of the party which ratifies the contract. They had no corrupt motive—they have said so themselves. But they placed themselves in a position in which less austere and upright men might have been tempted to be corrupt.

In April, 1912, they purchased the shares; by August Lord Murray knew that a Committee of Inquiry was to be appointed and that there were rumours. Most imprudently he concealed the transactions from his successor as Chief Whip, in order that he might take "entire and exclusive responsibility" for a matter which he already recognised was open to misconstruction. But the transaction which was concealed from Mr. Illingworth was also to be concealed from the Committee and the public, since the stockbroker Fenner had not yet defaulted, and by Lord Murray's own admission nothing would have been known to the public, and therefore to the Committee, had Fenner not defaulted. The private dealings were to be admitted, the party investment to be concealed altogether. It is only by reading Lord Murray's statement very carefully, and comparing one sentence with another, that this intended concealment of evidence from the Committee is discovered. It is of a piece with the deplorable lack of frankness that marks the whole story.

In August, says Lord Murray, he, and we presume his colleagues also, "never purposed"—or no longer purposed?—that "their private transactions should be withheld from the Committee". The date at which they decided that private transactions could no longer be concealed is still doubtful; we should have been content to believe that the three investors—we will not say speculators, in deference to Mr. Lloyd George—had determined to proclaim their imprudent dealings to the Committee at the moment the Committee was set up, but for certain chronological difficulties which Lord Murray's statement does not remove. In August the appointment of the Committee was announced; it met early in the autumn session. Yet Mr. Lloyd George subsequently misled the House of Commons with his talk of foul slanders; Sir Rufus Isaacs, with a lack of candour which he would now be the first to reprove in a witness in his own court, also misled the House. Lord Murray was silent. On this evidence a harsh critic would post-date the recognition of the fact that the private transactions of the three Ministers would be stated to the Committee from August till later in the year, when rumours were more explicit, and there was some danger that the Committee might inadvertently stumble on the truth.

We know from themselves what the three Ministers did; at least, we know as much of what they did as they have been able to tell us. Having made the mistake of buying the shares and leading the House to believe they had not bought the shares, they made the third mistake of not confessing to the Committee. Sir Rufus Isaacs, indeed, confessed his transactions, but not to the Committee, nor yet to the Chairman, but to the two members of the Committee who were most eager to burke inquiry—Messrs. Falconer and Booth. Mr. Lloyd George's mouth was closed—he has said so himself—through the winter. He wished to tell, but he, who can seldom restrain his tongue in public affairs, was conspicuously successful in restraining it here. Lord Murray took no steps whatever to tell his private transactions to the Committee; he went to Bogota instead.

These and certain other chronological puzzles will be cleared up by the Committee which the House of Lords has decided this week to appoint. This Committee will inquire into the Marconi scandal. The Commons had their opportunity last year, but their Committee was a partisan body that whitewashed Ministers. The judicial body of the House of Lords



will investigate the transactions in a calmer spirit. If Lord Murray has been unjustly treated by his accusers, and is too delicate to take action against them in the civil courts, he will yet be grateful for the opportunity of clearing himself before his peers.

#### POSTPONING ULSTER.

**I**N a single sentence Mr. Balfour, at the City meeting this week, pointed out the futility of tinkering with the position. If the Government want to avoid civil war, they must make a clean cut—nothing but a clean cut will do it. Nothing but exclusion from the Bill can give to Ulster that for which Ulster absolutely means to fight—her position as part of the United Kingdom, under the protection of the Imperial Parliament. In his great speech Sir Edward Carson said that in the last few days he has authorised the immediate expenditure of a further £60,000 to £80,000 for defence. He knows that the City of London will not be deaf to his appeal.

Not for the first time in history the business heart of the nation is alive to the national danger. Blinded by their ambitions, many members of the Liberal Party are still oblivious of the breaking storm. They are on the eve of a catastrophe more serious than that which lost us the American colonies. Let them remember the address of the City of London to the electors in 1776, during the revolt of the American colonies, quoted by Sir Edward Carson: "We deplore the fate of those brave men who are devoted to hazard their lives, not against the enemies of the British name, but against the friends of the prosperity and glory of Great Britain; we feel for the honour of the British arms sullied, not by the misbehaviour of those who bore them, but by the misconduct of the Ministers who employed them for the oppression of their fellow-subjects; we are alarmed at the immediate insupportable expense and the probable consequences of a war which we are convinced originates in violence and injustice and must end in ruin".

The situation is no clearer. By useless delay the risk of civil war is brought nearer every day. It can only be avoided by excluding Ulster. No proposal which does not proceed from this basis is worth considering. For six months the Government have drifted. Not till the opening of Parliament did they admit the full gravity of the position. Mr. Asquith's refusal to face the facts had encouraged in his followers a false sense of security. They are now smarting under a sense of humiliation at the confession of their leader. They have been so carefully schooled in the rectitude of the Government's policy that they cannot understand Mr. Asquith's change of front. They cannot appreciate the fearful responsibility of his position. There is even a tendency in the Liberal Party to under-rate the meaning of civil war. Lord Roberts has foretold its effect upon the Army, which would be shattered to its foundations. To defeat 100,000 men in Ulster practically the whole of the Regular Army would be required—if it could be relied on. The mobilisation of the Territorials and the Reserve would be necessary for Home Defence. A declaration of war by a foreign Power at the critical moment would be fatal. In any event, trade and credit would be paralysed. Securities would be unsaleable. It is more than probable that hostilities could not be confined to Ireland. Deaf to reason as Mr. Asquith has been, he dare not face the risk of so appalling a catastrophe.

The Prime Minister's position is desperate, but he is not to be pitied. By a series of juggling tricks he postponed for four years the humiliation which was inevitable from his dependence on the Nationalist vote. Only by cheating the people, by coercing the Crown, and "managing" his supporters in the House of Commons, has he kept together his Party. He tricked the people at the General Election by obscuring the imminence of Home Rule. He exacted from the Sovereign—then scarcely on the Throne—a pledge to create 500 peers. He had already secured the continued

allegiance of his supporters in the House of Commons by £400 a year, smuggled through on the Estimates without even the formality of a Bill. He has shown marvellous resource as a party leader, but he has defamed the reputation of British statesmen.

Sensibilities are becoming dulled to political immorality. No device is too discreditable for the present Government. The offer to the electors of Wick is but the latest example. Incidents which eight years ago would have raised a scandal are now forgotten in a week. It is well said that "The Government have discovered that, under the new conditions which democracy has created, things which are indefensible are none the less possible, if only you have the nerve to do them and the wisdom to refrain from any attempt to defend them".

These men have disregarded Ulster—mocked her preparations and her leaders. They do not in their political system allow for principles: therefore they did not understand the sincerity of Ulster's feelings. First they refused to believe in her resistance. It was all dummy rifles and wooden swords. Then they were convinced against their will, but would not publicly confess it. Now, at last, they have been obliged to admit their error and they turn unreasonably upon their own leaders, whom they accuse of leading them astray.

We have consistently pointed out since Parliament rose in the autumn that Mr. Asquith will be obliged, by the pressure of forces which he cannot control, to dissolve Parliament. He has put off the evil day by postponing his suggestions till the end of March. It is already plain that the delay will only make the deadlock more complete.

Mr. Asquith still gropes for a middle way. There is none. He must exclude Ulster if he will avoid disaster. He dare not face civil war of which the least important consequence would be the exile of the Liberal party for a generation. The Nationalists, on the other hand, will not consent to exclusion. Dissolution is the only course left to the Government. Already their majority is dwindling. If they cannot rely on the Nationalist vote, they must go out. Not because the Unionist party demand it, nor because the nation desire it—but because without a majority in the House of Commons they cannot carry on the business of the country. They fall before their own stupidity.

The Government suggest concessions. Mr. Redmond promises peace and goodwill. His pledge is a mockery. He may be sincere; but, even if he would act up to every word he has spoken on British platforms, he cannot control his supporters. The latest instance of Nationalist bigotry comes from Mr. Redmond's own constituency. A Service of Intercession was arranged to take place in the Protestant Cathedral at Waterford on the day of the opening of Parliament. There was no sermon. The simple prayers offered contained no reference that could offend the most sensitive Home Ruler. Yet the principal Nationalist paper—the "Waterford Evening News"—took the occasion to attack those who attended the service. The covert threat of a boycott was conveyed in the words:—"The names of each of those who will offer up prayers for averting the 'awful calamity' will be treasured in the memory of the vast majority of the people of this city". This was followed by the publication on the following day of the names of some of those who attended the service. Such are the methods adopted in Mr. Redmond's constituency to harass his political opponents.

There is yet another instance at Cork. The Nationalists at the recent municipal elections secured a majority on the Corporation. They have used their majority—which is not great—to exclude every single member of Mr. O'Brien's party from the executive committees of the Corporation. It is hardly necessary to add that where party considerations are allowed to weigh in municipal politics in this country it is customary for the victorious party at least to allow their political opponents to be represented on municipal executive committees in proportion to their total strength on the corporation.

Facts like these, coming to light each week, show that the Nationalist pretence of fair play for the future is merely imposture.

#### THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

ON Tuesday Mr. Gulland, the Government Whip, was brought to book in the House of Commons. He had hinted to the Wick electors that a member of the Government was the best person to get them their harbour. The Prime Minister, when questioned on the matter, frankly expressed his regret for what he called an error of judgment, and the culprit himself added a few straightforward words of apology. This was all quite right, for "The Times" truly says that the original speech "aroused deep indignation, as it was held to have touched the honour of the House". But why should Mr. Gulland have to eat humble pie whilst Mr. George is free to pile false charge on false charge without the faintest rebuke from his chief? Do the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speeches not touch the honour of the House? Can the House be indifferent to the platform speeches of a man whose office should make him one of its ornaments? Or does the Prime Minister's authority only extend to those "lesser columns" of his administration, as Disraeli termed them, who are not in the Cabinet? Mr. Asquith once laid down what we conceive to be the very unconstitutional doctrine that his colleagues might say what they chose on topics which were not matters of settled Government policy. The Government has never decided on the proper language to hold about Dukes, and Mr. George has made infamous use of the freedom so rashly accorded him. But the Prime Minister is, to his colleagues, a man of his word and so has to sit and suffer in silence.

There can be no doubt of Mr. Asquith's sufferings. His own ideas as to Ministerial deportment are shown by his conduct. He was the leading figure in the coup d'état which secured the passage of the Parliament Act, but in all his speeches throughout that cruel controversy we cannot recall one phrase that was not dignified and "correct". When he attacked the composition of the House of Lords he dismissed the Archbishops and Bishops as "nominally non-partisan". Fancy if Mr. George had been making the speech! Or if it be objected that Mr. Asquith affords no standard of comparison, as he never enters into personal controversy—take Mr. Churchill, who certainly delights in dealing directly with his antagonists. Mr. Churchill was once forbidden by the Unionist leaders to deliver a speech in a hall in Belfast. Yet, we do not forget that in writing to Lord Londonderry in moderate terms, he went out of his way to pay a tribute to his opponent's firm friendship with his father. Again, take the man with whom Mr. George's admirers are so fond of comparing him—Mr. Chamberlain of the early eighties. Mr. Chamberlain's attacks on the House of Lords were bitter, very harsh. But they were in all sincerity attacks on a system. Mr. George pretends to be attacking a system, but his general language is only a brief prelude to abuse of individuals. It is the abuse not the attack which disgusts all decent people. Mr. George is perfectly free to try to make out a case against aristocracy. We could ourselves make out a much better case against his own bureaucratic alternative. But we should not suppose that we were either arguing our case or maintaining the honour of journalism if we brought a series of distorted and sometimes unfounded charges against permanent Under-Secretaries.

It all comes back to the point of honour. What use, we wonder, has Mr. George for honour? To him honour is an aristocratic bauble, rightly despised by a people's champion. But Mr. George is Chancellor of the Exchequer. He may use the robes of his office to cover his own defects if he chooses, but he has no right to drag them through the mud. Statesmen will have to wear them after him. It is not decent that

Mr. George should remain in office if he has so sunk as to use a method of argument for which our language has hitherto lacked a name. It is not Billingsgate. Billingsgate is at least sincere.

Take his speech at the Oxford Union. He began by asking the undergraduates to think of the cause and not of the man. He actually promised to behave better in future! He then said that Ulster was too important to be talked about; and he went on to regret that our political controversies were always dealt with by party means, and to express the belief that good would be done if party feelings were buried for five years. A week later he was at Holloway. There he said that the Unionists had only taken up Ulster to divert attention from the land, and that the Tory Party was founded upon persecution—and the rest of it. Now one of these two sets of statements must be false, and the question arises, how can we tell when Mr. George is speaking the truth? The answer is that we cannot tell, and it is this that makes his prominence a menace to the honour of our public life. It is an evil thing for England that there should be a man in almost the highest office whose only apparent principle is to be all things to all men that he may by all means capture some.

What insincerity one finds in his controversy with the Duke of Montrose! He accused the Duke of having sold the Cathcart School site at an excessive price—his own friends read it so. The Duke replied that he never owned the site. Mr. George now says that no attribution of ownership to the Duke was understood by his audience. We cannot follow him. Similarly, if Mr. George told us that he fought for his country in the South African War, we should not follow him. The two cases are quite on all fours; in both there is incontrovertible evidence the other way. We have the text of the Glasgow speech before us. No owner's name is mentioned in the Cathcart School passage. But it comes immediately after a reference to a sale by the Duke of Montrose and is immediately followed by abuse of the Duke of Montrose. He admits that the Cathcart School passage might reasonably be taken as referring to the Duke of Montrose. We say that it could not reasonably refer to anybody else, and when he tells us that his audience did not interpret it reasonably we refuse to believe him.

Exposed in this matter, Mr. George withdraws, but does not apologise. Why not? Is no apology required for an unfounded charge of fraud on the public? Suppose we had accused Mr. George of speculating on the strength of a Government contractor's tip, and suppose our accusation had not been proved, would he have been satisfied if we had withdrawn our words without a syllable of regret? In one respect his withdrawal was actually worse than the original charge. He says that the name of the owner of the Cathcart School site is irrelevant. Then why was the Duke of Montrose's name relevant? Everybody knows the reason: it was relevant because he is a Duke. There is one good thing about Dukes from Mr. George's point of view. They are not members of the House of Commons. Mr. George cannot be made to answer for his words across the table. But there are dozens of landlords amongst the Opposition M.P.'s who are examples of the system which he pretends to be attacking. Let him investigate their transactions, let him find his shocking example, and let him bring his charge in the House when his opponent is present. But he dare not.

Of one other thing we would also remind him. A Dukedom is the highest honour that the Crown can confer in acknowledgment of rare services to the State. We cannot ourselves see how Mr. George finds it compatible with his oath of allegiance to represent Duke as a synonym for swindler. It must needs be an ill thing for the State when the holder of one of its most honoured offices attacks the bearers of its most honoured title. But that the wearer of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's robes should snarl and yelp in this manner is an outrage that has been borne too long.



## RAILS AND THE MAN.

IS it a sign of returning health that Lord Claud Hamilton's disparagement of British railway talent has met with quite savage protest? Ten years ago the appointment of an American as general manager of the Great Eastern Railway would have been hailed with a sort of dismal joy as one more sign of English "decadence". For Englishmen, with an inverted pride, just then enjoyed representing themselves as a decrepit and dying folk. They did not believe it, of course. But they found luxury in self-depreciation, they spoke of "American methods" with well-affected reverence, and did their best to think through the nose. Now, evidently, they are returning to the good, natural British confidence in things British, coupled with a very moderate faith in things American. The vision of Lord Claud Hamilton going about in search of a man and finding none competent for the quite measurable task of managing the Great Eastern Railway fails to impress. It is felt to be too ridiculous that among forty million people there should be found no single British person worthy to control what is after all by no means the most important in the second rank of English railways.

Still, the fact has to be faced that Lord Claud, with such lantern as he possessed, was really unable to discover the right person, and has had to go for him to the Great Republic, where all men are equal and boots are imperfectly polished. Of Mr. Henry Worth Thornton let nothing be said in the way of unkindness. He has, poor man, a great task before him. Not that the mysteries of Liverpool Street need appal a genuine hustler, a "born leader of men", one whose career has been, in the eloquent words of the Great Eastern chairman, "one succession of intellectual and railway triumphs". Mr. Thornton's intellectual triumphs seem to be connected with his graduation at Pennsylvania University, and are doubtless considerable. His railway triumphs—are they not written in the minute-books of the Long Island Railway Company? Everything known of him is vastly to his credit, except, perhaps, that he calls "standees" what we call "strap-hangers". It is to be hoped that he will forget that expression; it hurts in this climate. Mr. Thornton's task will be, not to excel his predecessors, but to equal his own reputation. For it has been vaguely but impressively suggested that Mr. Thornton is going to make the Eastern Counties hum. That rather bovine quarter of England, ruminative and Radical, is to be wakened into strenuous life. The appeal of the East Coast watering places will no longer reside in their sedative qualities. We shall hear no further of "Poppyland" and "the Garden of Sleep"; those who take tickets at Liverpool Street will be promised a real rousing good time by the North Sea. So at least would be imagined, not from what poor modest Mr. Thornton says himself, but from what his admirers say of him. Very possibly, like some other American invaders, he will find British inertia too strong for him. The English people are often willing enough to Americanise themselves. But they oppose, as more than one multi-millionaire has found to his cost, the most stupid obstinacy to any deliberate attempt to Americanise them.

Had no explanation been offered concerning this appointment the matter would have gone the way of all nine-hour wonders. But the statement that there is a general lack of first-class business ability in this country has naturally led to controversy, if that can be called controversy which is mainly a passionate contradiction. He would, however, be a bold man who denied the existence of an element of truth in Lord Claud Hamilton's criticism. Lord Claud did not say there are no able men, but that there is a scarcity of men obviously fit for a controlling position. That is a very different matter. There are, by common acknowledgment, a great number of first-rate specialists, who are commonly not conspicuously good administrators. On the other hand, the visible supply of governing ability is not large. It is not likely, indeed, to grow. The organisation of capital and the organ-

isation of labour equally conspire against that peculiar class of man who is not specially good at any one thing, but has the god-like gift of directing and co-ordinating the efforts of people individually more talented. As businesses grow, they tend continually to become like Governments: they work through forms, regulations, instructions framed to meet every conceivable case. The individual is dwarfed with every increase in the bulk of the concern, until at last a real exercise of brain is the function of perhaps only ten men out of ten thousand. Of course, also, the greater the demand on these governing brains, the less copious and certain the supply, from the sheer impossibility of detecting talent in the vast undistinguished mass of mechanical workers. The organisation of labour is equally hostile to the discovery of exceptional ability. It makes labour collectively powerful, but at the expense of the brighter spirits in the ranks of labour. A fixed job, a fixed wage, a rigidly fixed lowest common denominator of capacity—was there ever more effective machinery for extinguishing enterprise and aspiration? There are not a few serious thinkers who see in the stereotyping of industrial conditions a danger not only to the progress, but to the stability of civilisation. One of the prime arguments against the lubberland of Socialistic imaginings is that Socialism would be the death of all initiative: that at the best society would lapse into an inert, nerveless, Byzantine simulacrum, ready to be blown away by the first puff of reality. The danger is not altogether absent from the modern industrial State, with its very imperfect machinery for detecting and training the keenest intelligences among its people.

Talent, of course, is produced, and does realise itself somehow. But, as has been shown in the railway world, it has a strong tendency to seek an outlet abroad. Hot blood and cool cunning get weary of waiting for the recognition that may never come, and betake themselves to parts of the world where there are human relations between master and man, and where the "amalgamated" society of this or that ceases to dictate. America, trust-ridden and union-ridden, still offers some scope for the adventurous; and the average American is on the whole more self-reliant and enterprising than his counterpart here. He has the spirit of a Pawnee brave, out after scalps, if not of a Knight Errant. He is more ambitious, and has even yet more chance of realising ambition, than the product of our coldly regulated society.

The American, too, has this further advantage. He attacks work with a single mind. He is thoroughly convinced that work, be it merely pig-killing, is the only fit occupation for a man. He is called a dollar-hunter. But no mere lover of money would continue, as Americans do, to work at money-making long after health, digestion and the power of enjoyment have gone. The American works because he likes work, because he has taste for little else, and because, generally speaking, money-making is his only notion of work. The English sausage-maker sells his business and retires to a Surrey villa when he has amassed thirty thousand pounds. An American continues to turn out sausages when he is worth millions. The fortune is incidental; the real epic of his life is expressed in festoons of sausages girdling the globe. One of the "Big Five" of Chicago used, when he was seventy, to get up at five in the morning, leave behind him a houseful of Titians and Rembrandts, and go down to the stockyards to—kill a pig. Without this daily offering to his gods life to him was a hollow and empty thing. The English are not lazy, but they are not industrious in that way. They are content to use up their energies in by-ways such as golf, or scribbling, or social enjoyment. The Post Office supplies us with novelists and dramatic critics, and probably many of Lord Claud Hamilton's "clever and capable men", not quite fit for the first place, fritter away their time in humanising themselves. It is the American's strange power of getting rid of all inconvenient human characteristics during early youth that makes him the terribly efficient industrial machine he often is. Whether the result is worth the sacrifice is another question.

## MIDDLE ARTICLES.

SAPPHO.\*

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

IF there be any truth in the opinion of those judges who hold that the highest and noblest branch of English literature is that of poetry, we may not be far wrong if we proceed from the admission of this "flattering truth" to the assumption that the fairest and most precious fruit of that branch is to be found in its dramatic outgrowth. The lyric and the dramatic are the two highest forms of the poetic art; it rises and divides itself as it were into these two sovereign peaks or summits at the crowning point of its perfection when it passes out of the narrative or epic stage of its godlike childhood and heroic youth. Above the final result of these forms it never can rise, beyond them it never can pass; and when there is no longer a source in the poetic literature of a nation for fresh development and vigorous increase either on the lyric side or the dramatic, its time is come to pass downward into its period of decadence through the various and often fruitful and beautiful stages of elegiac or idyllic, satiric or didactic verse. But in the poetic literature of a nation really great and rich in that especial quality of its life, the capacities of such increase and the possibilities of such development are not easily to be limited by definition or prediction. It may be safe to say at certain points of its history that further advance is impossible, if the word advance be taken in the direct and absolute sense of improvement; that a nation which has had its *Æschylus* or its *Shakespeare* has produced men unsurpassable in the dramatic line for ever, as a nation which has brought forth a *Sappho* or a *Shelley* has attained a point in lyric poetry beyond which none of its children to come can pass; but it is not even after the birth and death of such as these safe to say of a nation which could bear them that it never can bear their like—at least, that it never may look to bring forth poets worthy to be named with them.

Judging even from the mutilated fragments fallen within our reach from the broken altar of her sacrifice of song, I for one have always agreed with all Grecian tradition in thinking *Sappho* to be beyond all question and comparison the very greatest poet that ever lived. *Æschylus* is the greatest poet who ever was also a prophet; *Shakespeare* is the greatest dramatist who ever was also a poet; but *Sappho* is simply nothing less—as she is certainly nothing more—than the greatest poet who ever was at all. Such at least is the simple and sincere profession of my lifelong faith.

\*Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton has allowed the SATURDAY REVIEW to print this unpublished appreciation of *Sappho*, by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Unpublished work, prose or poetry, of Swinburne's is very rare. We are happy, therefore, to print an appreciation so typical, in its glow and passion, of the great poet. It is not a fragment, but is quite complete in itself. It is of singular interest to every reader of Swinburne, because *Sappho's* fragments exercised an immense influence on his work. We have been told that Swinburne was "steeped in *Sappho*".

IF NAPOLEON HAD WON AT WATERLOO.  
(Concluded.)

BY J. HOLLAND ROSE.

THE news of Napoleon's victory at Mt. St. Jean arrived at Paris and London in so exaggerated a form as to bring to sharp conflict opinions which prudence had previously kept veiled. Already the tidings of the triumph at Ligny had excited the Parisian populace; and now, on the afternoon of June 20, the arrival of an aide-de-camp at the northern gate aroused unbounded enthusiasm. The report soon spread that *Blücher* was killed and *Wellington* a captive, their armies falling back in rout towards the Rhine and the citadel of Antwerp. Along with cheers for the Emperor and the Regent, Prince Joseph, the crowd at the *Tuileries* mingled shouts of "*Vivent les Limites naturelles*"; "*Vive la Patrie une et indivisible*". Then the patriots rushed over the Pont Neuf to the Boulevard St. Germain, where the royalist mansions hastily closed their shutters. Tearing up the *pavé* of the street, the demonstrators smashed the lower windows, and at nightfall every house in Paris which did not illuminate suffered likewise.

Yet, as Miss Helen Williams noted, beneath this exuberance of joy there soon appeared signs of anxiety. Patriots watching at the northern gate were concerned to see few captured banners borne along the road from Soissons. Moreover, the wealthy dreaded an outbreak of mob violence. On the morrow the Bourse, having speculated for a defeat, was deserted. The Opposition Press also spoke guardedly about the victory. While congratulating Frenchmen on the removal of all fear of immediate invasion from the North, it did not hide the fact that Austrians and South Germans were knocking at the gates of the East. Behind them was a vast horde of Russians; while Sardinians and Spaniards threatened the South. Would not the Emperor, then, employ some means to reassure the Powers as to his moderation? Was France once more to suffer owing to the dread which his name inspired? One or two Radical papers suggested that a declaration of policy by the Chamber of Representatives could alone avert these imminent dangers. Fouché, however, who was known to have the best information from Brussels, Ghent and Strasbourg, appeared by no means disconcerted at the outlook; and operators on the Bourse, who had his valet in their pay, soon repeated his prophecy, that the Emperor might win one or two battles, but would lose the third; and then would be the time for civilians to have their say. Encouraged by this forecast, the Liberal leaders began to urge the demands for a truly parliamentary system, which the Chamber had dared to adumbrate in its Address of June 11 to the Emperor. Events in the interval, said they, had proved indisputably that Europe regarded the imperial autocracy as synonymous with conquest; but the Powers might recognise a constitutional régime. It was therefore with a secret feeling of relief that the Opposition leaders noted signs which argued a close struggle on the 18th. At all events, said they, there will be no *coup d'état* for the present. When rallied for their want of patriotism, they alleged that the Emperor had been heard to say excitedly near Ligny on the 17th: "*Encore une victoire comme celle-ci, et j'enverrai promener les Chambres*".

At London the opinions of the populace varied no less widely than at Paris. The news of "*Bony's*" success at Mt. St. Jean excited much enthusiasm at Brooks's Club on the evening of June 21st. Sir Robert Wilson and Lord Grey roundly declared their joy at *Wellington's* reverse; for it meant that France would now have what Government she chose and be delivered from gouty Louis XVIII. and his greedy tribe. A deputation of the free and independent electors of Westminster having assembled outside to cheer the Whig opponents of the war, Wilson and Grey went to the window and made short speeches. The former declared that the French, 200,000 strong, were nearing Brussels; that *Wellington* was filing out by the northern gate with a mere relic of his force, and it was doubtful whether he could reach Antwerp before



the French cavalry surrounded him. Blücher was retreating towards Aix-la-Chapelle, and the Coalition had received its death-blow. "That", said Grey, "is what comes of interfering with the liberty of a great people in the exercise of its fundamental right to choose its own ruler. Help us, my friends, to convince Parliament of the injustice of this accursed war". The crowd answered with shouts of "To Downing Street". But at that moment triumphal music was heard further east, and there soon appeared a cheering and excited throng, in the midst of which was an officer who held aloft two French standards. It was Major the Honourable Henry Percy bearing the eagles captured from d'Erlon's corps by the Union Brigade. With loud groans the Whigs turned against the procession, and Creevey, heading a rush of club members, fought his way almost to Percy's side. There the chosen bodyguard knocked him down and dispersed the assailants. In a few minutes not a pane of glass remained in the windows of Brooks's.

On the morrow the "Morning Chronicle" published an anti-war manifesto, signed by Brougham, Burdett, Lord Grey, Hazlitt, Wilson and others, which declared the cause of the Allies to be unjust and fraught with ruin to themselves. A few days later the "Times" published a letter from Lord Byron, in which the great poet declared that the news sent by his friend, Hobhouse, from Paris convinced him that Napoleon was the elect of France, and that, taught by bitter experiences in Spain, Russia and Germany, he would thenceforth rule peaceably as a constitutional monarch. As for the Bourbons, they were contemptible and therefore, in France, impossible. The italics in his lordship's letter aroused sharp comment, and in certain circles were deemed a seditious reference to the Prince Regent. The Opposition Press, scoffing at trifles about italics, called attention to the healthful influence exerted by the enthusiastic young Hobhouse on the mind of the poet who, only a few years before, had written thus of Napoleon in Canto I. of "Childe Harold":—

"The West must own the Scourger of the World."  
Now (wrote Mr. Capel Lofft) Byron must re-write it:—  
"The West will hail the Healer of the World."

On the other hand, the friends of Government were not slow to express approval of its policy. Mr. Crabb Robinson, with legal acumen, pointed out in a letter to the "Post" that Napoleon had not uttered a word expressive of sincerely pacific desires. His proclamations implied that France was to regain the Rhine frontier and that of the Maritime Alps—claims which were incompatible with the security of neighbouring States and of Great Britain. Let Britons, then, struggle on, resolved to secure a durable settlement, and to overthrow the man who during twelve years had made peace impossible. A similar declaration by that friend of humanity, Wilberforce, made a profound impression; and in a short time came a lament from Wordsworth and Southey over the change of views of the young poet who had not long before sung the exploits of the Maid of Saragossa and branded with infamy the oppressor of the Spaniards.

Even before the publication of this letter the question was solved by the sword. Blücher, as has been shown, made his dispositions at midday of June 19th for surrounding Grouchy at Wavre. In the afternoon, while the French Marshal was pressing Thielmann's Prussians towards Brussels, their three other corps enveloped his left flank and rear. Vandamme's corps made a desperate stand against Pirch's and Ziethen's corps; but his prolonged defence north-west of Wavre enabled Bülow with some 28,000 Prussians to work round the French rear. At nightfall Grouchy succeeded in drawing off eastwards about half of Gérard's corps; but Vandamme's command, together with the artillery and stores of the whole force, fell into the hands of the victors. They, pressing the fugitives hard by cross roads towards Namur, drove most of them into the hands of the Prussians advancing from the Rhine Province to reinforce Blücher. By Midsummer Day Grouchy's force of 33,700 men had ceased to exist.

Meanwhile Napoleon strove desperately, but ineffec-

tually, to rescue his lieutenant. The forest tracks from Waterloo to Wavre, sodden by the rains, delayed his advance. On the 20th, hearing of the disaster, he resolved to recall Reille's vanguard from the neighbourhood of Hal and d'Erlon's from Brussels. To have persisted in the pursuit of the British would have exposed his rear to the Prussians, who from Namur were likely soon to threaten Charleroi. Accordingly, the Emperor resolved to retire on that town and there await reinforcements from Paris and the 10,000 regulars, who were hurrying from La Vendée. But at the end of June he could muster not more than 70,000 fighting men. The invasion of Lorraine by the North Germans diverted thither part of his succour. In that quarter the invaders were bombarding Sedan and Mézières. Other columns of the Allies were threatening Rheims and Châlons. Their horsemen had even raided the high road near Laon, on which the Emperor depended for his supplies. General Rapp, on whom he relied to defend the northern defiles of the Vosges, had been compelled to abandon them and fall back on Strasbourg. Realising that the campaign of 1814 was about to recommence on a grander scale, the Emperor ordered Davout to leave the Ministry of War to his subordinate and rally the eastern forces on the line of the Meuse, if possible rescuing the garrisons farther east. Meanwhile at Charleroi, occupying the point where the roads to Brussels and Namur diverge, he hoped once more to defeat Blücher and Wellington in succession and drive them asunder. But these commanders now had all their forces well in hand. The arrival of a Prussian corps from Liège, and of veteran British regiments fresh from the American War, served in large measure to repair the losses sustained at Waterloo. Thus, as at the beginning of the campaign, Napoleon confronted greatly superior forces, which he could hope to defeat only if they remained disunited; and, taught by the sharp experiences of June 15 and 16, Wellington and Blücher resolved to accord close mutual support. They therefore advanced as rapidly as possible along the roads which converged on Charleroi.

Already the Emperor had summoned France to make one more effort in order to crush the Coalition. The response was not whole-hearted; for the Opposition Press at Paris reported day by day the advance of the Allies in Lorraine. Discovering that Fouché secretly supplied the discouraging news, the Emperor sent off an order for his instant execution, the malcontent journals being also suppressed and their editors imprisoned. Having thus corrected public opinion, Napoleon turned fiercely against Blücher, who was now advancing on Sombreffe; but the veteran warily retired to a strong position three miles east of that town, behind the river Orneau. While surveying that position, the Emperor heard of the progress of Wellington to the south of Quatre Bras. Quickly, then, he advanced against him, whereupon the British strongly held the cross roads and garnished the Bois de Bossu with light troops. On July 5 a desperate attack failed to drive the Duke from those advantageous posts; and, as the Prussians were now marching towards the French right flank, the Emperor recalled his weary troops to Gosselies. North of that town the Allies united their forces, forming a mass of nearly 120,000 effectives, which on the following days edged the French back on Charleroi.

On the 9th was fought the decisive battle of the campaign. During some hours the desperate attacks of Ney delayed the converging advance of the Allies on that town. But while the tide of battle surged to and fro north of Charleroi, Gneisenau directed Bülow to cross the River Sambre three miles below the town in order to menace the French rear. Perceiving the danger, the Emperor ordered a retirement early on the morrow by pontoons which during the night he caused to be swung across the river. Even so, however, that difficult operation occasioned terrible confusion, conducted as it finally was under the fire of the Allied guns. Ney, battling with the Guard against the pursuers, ended his life with glory; and Grouchy, heading the

last rallies of the French horse, retrieved the fame which had been eclipsed on June 18th. But nothing could stem the advance of Wellington and Blücher. By midday some 40,000 French had struggled on to their native soil, only to experience attacks equally persistent from Bülow.

Finally the retreat became a rout. Some two leagues along the Paris road a chosen body of Prussian horse-men, who had sworn to capture the former tyrant of their country, burst upon his bodyguard and seized the coveted prize. Conducted forthwith to Blücher, the Emperor was condemned by court-martial as an outlaw and a disturber of the peace of Europe. Some of the Staff desired to take him to Paris and execute him on the grave of the Duc d'Enghein in the moat of the castle of Vincennes. But the arrival of a demand from Wellington, that the illustrious captive should be regarded as the prisoner of all the Powers, led to a summary method of execution. "Never again" (said Gneisenau) "shall England, for her own selfish designs, let this man escape. Never again shall she use him in order to resume her mastery of the seas and her control of European policy." As the Emperor was led out before the firing-line, some of the younger officers could not conceal their vindictive joy.—"Remember Hofer", they shouted; to which their victim made the unfaltering reply—"C'est pour la France que je l'ai fait fusiller. C'est pour la France que je meurs."

At Paris, when this sanguinary deed was known, the populace broke into demonstrations of grief and rage; but the Royalists and men of property expressed hearty approval. Many of them echoed the anti-British charges of Gneisenau, alleging that the departure of the British Commissioner, Sir Neil Campbell, from Elba before Napoleon's escape proved the complicity of the British Government. So hotly were these accusations urged as to prejudice the British demands for compensation for the expenses of the campaign. France and her late enemies opposed that claim when urged at the resumed Congress of Vienna; and only with great difficulty did Castlereagh secure the abolition of the French rights to part of the shore of Newfoundland. In consideration of the glorious part played by Prussia at the battle of Charleroi, she now acquired not only the Saarbrück district, but also the important fortress of Thionville. The dilatory procedure of the Austrian forces in Alsace-Lorraine gave colour to Prussia's contention for complete equality with the Hapsburg Empire in the affairs of the Federal Diet at Frankfurt; and, after acrid and wearisome discussions, this was grudgingly conceded to the somewhat threatening intervention of the Czar Alexander on behalf of the House of Hohenzollern. Elsewhere few changes resulted from Bonaparte's daring venture. In Italy Murat rushed to his doom; and the news of the French victory at Mt. St. Jean aroused the malcontents at Genoa, Milan, and Venice to spasmodic efforts which brought about sharp repression and a deeper servitude. Gallophile demonstrations by the students at Heidelberg, Munich, and Bonn led to the closing of those universities during five years; and friends of progress everywhere had to mourn, in common with the young poet Shelley, that the last effort of Napoleon had been no less fatal than his earlier régime to the cause of ordered liberty.

#### A LETTER THAT WAS NOT WRITTEN.

By MAX BEERBOHM.

ONE morning lately I saw in my newspaper an announcement that enraged me. It was made in the driest, most casual way, as though nobody would care a rap; and this did but whet the wrath I had in knowing that Adam Street, Adelphi, was to be undone. The Tivoli Music Hall, about to be demolished and built anew, was to have a frontage of thirty feet, if you please, in Adam Street. Why? Because the London County Council, with its fixed idea that the happiness

of mankind depends on the widening of the Strand, had decreed that the Tivoli's new frontage there should be thirty feet further back, and had granted as consolation to the Tivoli the right to spread itself around the corner and wreck the work of the Brothers Adam. Could not this outrage be averted? There sprang from my lips that fiery formula which has sprung from the lips of so many choleric old gentlemen in the course of the past hundred years and more: "I shall write to 'The Times'".

If Adam Street were a thing apart I should have been stricken enough, heaven knows, at thought of its beauty going, its dear tradition being lost. But not as an unrelated masterpiece was Adam Street built by the brothers whose name it bears. An integral part it is in their noble design of the Adelphi. It is the very key to the Adelphi, the well-ordained initiation for us into that small, matchless quarter of London, where peace and dignity do still reign—peace the more beatific, and dignity the finer, by instant contrast with the chaos of hideous sounds and sights hard by. What man so gross that, passing out of the Strand into Adam Street, down the mild slope to the river, he has not cursed the age he was born into—or blessed it because the Adelphi cannot in earlier days have had for anyone this fulness of peculiar magic? Adam Street is not so beautiful as the serene Terrace it goes down to, nor so curiously grand as crook-backed John Street. But the Brothers did not mean it to be so. They meant it just as an harmonious "lead" to those inner glories of their scheme. Ruin that approach, and how much else do you ruin of a thing which—done perfectly by masters, and done by them here as nowhere else could they have done it—ought to be guarded by us very jealously! How to raise on this irregular and "barbarous" ground a quarter that should be "polite", congruous in tone with the smooth river beyond it—this was the irresistible problem the Brothers set themselves and slowly, coolly, perfectly solved. So long as the Adelphi remains to us, a microsm of the eighteenth century is ours. If there is any meaning in the word sacrilege—

That, I remember, was the beginning of one of the sentences I composed while I paced my room, thinking out my letter to "The Times". I rejected that sentence. I rejected scores of others. They were all too vehement. Though my facility for indignation is not (I hope) less than that of my fellows, I never had written to "The Times". And now, though I flattered myself I knew how the thing ought to be done, I was unsure that I could do it. Was I beginning too late? Restraint was the prime effect to be aimed at. If you are intemperate, you don't convince. I wanted to convince the readers of "The Times" that the violation of the Adelphi was a thing to be prevented at all costs. Soberness of statement, a simple, direct, civic style, with only an underthrob of personal emotion, were what I must at all costs achieve. Not too much of mere æsthetics, either, nor of mere sentiment for the past. No more than a brief eulogy of "those admirably proportioned streets so familiar to all students of eighteenth century architecture", and perhaps a passing reference to "the shades of Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Hannah More, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Topham Beauclerk, and how many others!" The sooner my protest were put in terms of commerce, the better for my cause. The more clearly I were to point out that such antiquities as the Adelphi are as a magnet to the moneyed tourists of America and Europe, the likelier would my readers be to shudder at "a proposal which, if carried into effect, will bring discredit on all concerned and will in some measure justify Napoleon's hitherto-unjustified taunt that we are a nation of shopkeepers.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant"—good! I sat down to a table and wrote out that conclusion, and then I worked backwards, keeping well in view the idea of "restraint". But that quality which is little sister to restraint, and is yet far more repulsive to the public mind than vehemence, emerged to misguide my pen. Irony, in fact, played the deuce.



I found myself writing that "a nation which, in its ardour for beauty and its reverence for great historic associations, has lately disbursed after only a few months' hesitation £250,000 to save the Crystal Palace, where the bank holidays of millions of toilers have been spoilt by the utter gloom and nullity of the place—a nullity and gloom that will, however and of course, be dispelled so soon as the place is devoted to permanent exhibitions of New Zealand pippins, Rhodesian tobacco, Australian mutton, Canadian snowshoes, and other glories of Empire—might surely not be asked in vain to"—but I deleted that sentence, and tried another in another vein. My desire to be straightforward did but topple me into excess of statement. My sorrow for the Adelphi came out as sentimentality, my anger against the authorities as vulgar abuse. Only the urgency of my cause upheld me. I *would* get my letter done somehow and post it. But there flitted through my mind that horrid doubt which has flitted through the minds of so many choleric old gentlemen in the course of the past hundred years and more: "Will 'The Times' put my letter in?"

If "The Times" wouldn't, what then? At least my conscience would be clear: I should have done what I could to save my beloved quarter. But the process of doing it was hard and tedious, and I was glad of the little respite presented by the thought that I must, before stating my case thoroughly, revisit Adam Street itself, to gauge precisely the extent of the mischief threatened there. On my way to the Strand I met an old friend, one of my links with whom is his love of the Adams' work. He had not read the news, and I am sorry to say that I, in my selfish agitation, did not break it to him gently. Rallying, he accompanied me on my sombre quest.

I had forgotten there was a hosier's shop next to the Tivoli, at the corner of the right-hand side of Adam Street. We turned past it, and were both of us rather surprised that there were other shops down that side. They ought never to have been allowed there; but there they were; and of course, I felt, it was the old façades above them that really counted. We gazed meanwhile at the façades on the left-hand side, feasting our eyes on the proportions of the pilasters, the windows; the old seemly elegance of it all; the greatness of the manner with the sweet smallness of the scale it wrought on. "Well", I said, turning abruptly away, "to business! Thirty feet—how much, about, is that?" My friend moved to the exact corner of the Strand, and then, steadily, methodically, with his eyes to the pavement, walked thirty toe-to-heel paces down Adam Street. "This", he said, "is where the corner of the Tivoli would come"—not "will come", observe; I thanked him for that. He passed on, measuring out the thirty additional feet. There was in his demeanour something so finely official that I felt I should at least have the Government on my side. Thus it was with no sense of taking a farewell look, but rather to survey a thing half-saved already, that I crossed over to the other side of the road, and then, lifting my eyes, and looking to and fro, beheld—what? I blankly indicated the thing to my friend. How long had it been there, that horrible, long, high frontage of grey stone? It must surely have been there before either of us was born. It seemed to be a very perfect specimen of 1870 architecture—perfect in its pretentious and hateful smugness. And neither of us had ever known it was there.

Neither of us, therefore, could afford to laugh at the other; nor did either of us laugh at himself; we just went blankly away, and parted. I daresay my friend found presently, as I did, balm in the knowledge that the Tivoli's frontage wouldn't, because it couldn't, be so bad as that which we had just, for the first time, seen. For me there was another, a yet stronger, balm. And I went as though I trod on air, my heart singing within me. For I had not, after all, to resume my task of writing that letter to "The Times".

## A MODERN MORALITY.

By JOHN PALMER.

ON Monday afternoon Mr. Henry Arthur Jones rang up the curtain at the Little Theatre upon a translation of M. Brieux's "Les Avariés". Mr. Jones played his part with a decent gravity—not without a reference to Mr. Bernard Shaw. I, too, have something to say about Mr. Bernard Shaw. Mr. Shaw cannot be avoided when we talk of M. Brieux, or of anyone who has tried to get moral and religious responsibility into European drama. Since what I have to say this week about Mr. Shaw, though it be brief, is extremely rude, I will for a moment postpone it in favour of something more agreeable.

Certainly I have seldom had a more pleasant task than to speak with admiration, entire and unreserved, of the ultimate author of this production. I hope Mrs. Baxter will forgive me for dragging her forward, and thus publicly insisting that by far the most precious thing in this enterprise is the tact, wisdom, energy, and infectious enthusiasm she has shown from the moment of her embarking in this affair to the moment of its successful issue. I would say more if I dared. But Mrs. Baxter's unwillingness to receive any sort of credit for her good deeds is too unaffected for me to risk incurring her displeasure. In the light of what I am about to say, it will perhaps give my readers some faint idea of her gift for untroubled energy and loyal fervour that many times during the last few days I have begun to wonder whether M. Brieux is not something more than an incompetent pamphleteer. Indeed, these small fits of misgiving have, in a sense, converted me. They have enabled me to discover a merit in the plays of M. Brieux which I had overlooked. Let me explain.

There is a kind of dignity which is quite independent of intellectual competence, æsthetic perception, taste, humour, or the power of intelligible expression. It is a dignity which arises simply from conviction. It is unimpaired by ignorance or folly; indeed, foolish people frequently have more of this kind of dignity than the wise and prudent. It is comparatively easy for a foolish man to be fervently convinced that he holds a clue to all the evil of the world. I know one entirely worshipful gentleman who sincerely thinks that all the evil in the world is due to Mr. Bernard Shaw; and, though the theory seems a little inadequate as presented in the unfeeling print of this REVIEW, I am certain that even Mr. Shaw himself would be unable to laugh in the face of this old gentleman's majestic and immovable conviction. It lends him an aura of dignity—almost of holiness—only to be found in him when he is charging Mr. Shaw with having lowered the tone of English family life or of having degraded the standards required by the London County Council for our English theatres of variety. It is a dignity which silences the critic, making him realise of what poor account is mere intelligence or imagination beside the magnificence of being morally sure that you are right.

Such is the dignity of which M. Brieux is possessed. M. Brieux has no gift of literary expression. It does not matter. M. Brieux is unable to present a thesis without spoiling his case. It is of no importance. M. Brieux has no sense of character. It is irrelevant. M. Brieux has no tact in handling an audience. It is not pertinent. M. Brieux has no instinct for avoiding the ridiculous. It is not necessary. Why should we require these qualities and talents? M. Brieux has one supreme quality which outweighs them all. He is a prophet. He burns. In spite of the clumsiness with which he presents his doctrine; in spite of the aridity of his speech, his words all dead as door-nails in a mortuary; in spite of his lapses of imagination; in spite of his constitutional inability to marshal his evidence to good advantage, or to drive his points logically into our heads, or to convey interest or emotion into our hearts—in spite of all this, M. Brieux commands our respect. He has that supreme dignity which only a thoroughly stupid person can have in the highest degree. I have heard better expositions of our social disgrace in Hyde Park than anything M. Brieux

has yet written—more skilfully arranged and more eloquently expressed. But I have never heard anything anywhere which matches "Les Avariés" in its ferocious and unassailable determination to be thoroughly in earnest. The only argument that survives a moment's criticism of any one of the plays of M. Brieux is the argument that M. Brieux himself solemnly feels what he is unable intelligibly to express; and, since mankind in bulk is always readier to attend to someone who believes than to someone who explains, being readier to fall under the spell of a really stupid man who blunders than under that of a really clever man who keeps his head, M. Brieux is to-day a member of the French Institute, a moral force in America, and has in England fallen under the ban of the Lord Chamberlain.

There is neither time nor necessity here (unless I am challenged) for an elaborate analysis of "Les Avariés". It is clear to anyone who has tried to write even a short essay on the state of the nation that "Les Avariés" is, intellectually, from end to end a brief mismanaged—that far from having any of the qualities of a good play it has not even the qualities of a good sermon. Almost any bishop in England could do better. That no bishop in England cares to prove that he can write a better sermon on this theme than M. Brieux may be to the moral discredit of English bishops; but they certainly have the brains. Meantime we have to fall back on M. Brieux; and to wish that the pulpit in England would take itself seriously enough to invite him to read his play in the churches. More especially it should be preached in our Universities. I can imagine no more useful way of turning to good account the exceptional opportunities enjoyed by an English clergyman in St. Mary's, Oxford, any Sunday morning in term time, of addressing a young and impressionable congregation.

Of the players in "Les Avariés" at the Little Theatre only two need seriously be mentioned. Mr. Fisher White, as the Doctor, was exactly right. He suggested all through just that deadly moral concentration which alone can save a play by M. Brieux from collapsing into utter ridicule. He was the moral fervour of M. Brieux visibly existing in flesh and blood. So long as he was present on the stage one almost began to feel a positive emotion, to imagine that an impression was being conveyed over the footlights other than that of a perpetually blundering good intention. In Mr. Fisher White the dignity of pure conviction became, for rare moments, beautiful. Remarkable in quite another way was the playing by Miss Grace Croft of M. Brieux's specimen from St. Lazare. She brilliantly misunderstood her part; and, imagining M. Brieux to be a dramatist, she determined to be a character in a play. She would entirely have succeeded if she had had nothing to say. She did all that a poor player could in defiance of her creator; and M. Brieux, though he badly damaged her with every fresh cue, got as good as he gave. Miss Croft's performance was the thrill of the afternoon. The rest of the cast went obediently through their parts, the man who played the Deputy with an obedience so complete that he quite innocently revealed all M. Brieux's weakest places, even to the least discerning members of the audience.

I have now to speak of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Best it were done quickly. Mr. Shaw has written a famous preface to three of M. Brieux's translated plays. In this preface the dramatic work of M. Brieux is spoken of in terms that would be extravagant even if they were used of the plays of Mr. Shaw himself. Now Mr. Shaw is—or, at any rate, he was—a critic of more than average ability to judge of dramatic merit. Either he knew his estimate of M. Brieux was utter nonsense—in which case he is open to a charge of infamous critical immorality; or he was led astray by his enthusiasm for social hygiene—in which case his reputation as a dramatic critic was an equally infamous hoax perpetrated on the London public. A man who appears among men of art as a critic, pretending to talk criticism, and is all the while feeding in himself the secret fires of an unscrupulous moral

fervour which perverts his judgment, is guilty of a fraud of the worst possible description. His only excuse, morally, is that he did not know what he was doing; but that is no excuse intellectually. It is a bad business. The mischief is that many respectable critics, including that noisy section of the talking public which lives by every word that proceeds out of the mouth of a Fabian orator, have accepted Mr. Shaw's estimate of M. Brieux without examination, and have begun to require from their friends a full consent to his greatness as a preliminary to any sort of decent social intercourse. For Mr. Shaw, who is responsible for all this, I can wish no worse retribution than that of having to appear before the bar of our coming generation as the sometime sponsor to the public of his day for the high dramatic merit of "Les Avariés".

Meantime, as one who is himself not uninterested in the happiness of mankind—as one, moreover, who does not wish England to be a humbug in full view of the world—I have signed a petition to the Lord Chamberlain; and I hope everyone who visits the Little Theatre will do the same. The purport of this petition is to induce our censor to behave reasonably when he is asked to license "Les Avariés" for public performance. I am almost perfectly sure he will do nothing of the kind. But we may be able to make him uncomfortable about refusing if we rally in numbers enough. We shall never persuade the Lord Chamberlain. It is therefore our duty to bully him—or, at any rate, to try.

#### OF MANY CONCERTS.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

THIS week I must do a little clearing up. For weeks the programmes of concerts I have attended have been accumulating on my desk, and something must be done to get rid of the litter. Besides, many of these performances were meritorious and thoroughly enjoyable, and as the Press is the only medium nowadays through which artists get name, fame and a problematical livelihood, it is merely fair to them that they should not go unnoticed in these columns. Here, for instance, is Mr. Landon Ronald, with his New Symphony Orchestra, doing splendid work; so I will start with him. His band has now developed into one of the finest instruments in Europe, and it will do much to teach the public that there is plenty of beautiful English music. In the meantime, as that public must be caught before it is taught, he seems to me justified in attracting it by playing music which that public is known to want. Beethoven, Wagner, Tchaikowsky—these are sure draws. We superior persons, the critics, may perhaps grow a little tired of too much museo-music, of too many excerpts from Wagner's operas, even of a very great deal of Beethoven; but we are as the gods, a class by ourselves, above and apart from what we humorously allude to as the common herd. Yet there are some millions of people in London who have not had a surfeit of nineteenth century dainties, people who are, in fact, just learning to enjoy them by going through the preliminary process of learning to understand them; and to these people Mr. Landon Ronald's concerts are an invaluable educational medium, a school where they acquire the art of draining the last drop of enjoyment out of the world's greatest music. Mr. L. Ronald, while educating his public, is developing his natural gifts as a conductor at a rate which is positively alarming. He and Sir Henry Wood are now our foremost conductors. His rendering of the "Mastersingers" overture on February 12th was broad, dignified, beautiful, free from affectations and exaggerations, a rendering at once poetic and sane. At the same concert Madame Kirkby Lunn sang Beethoven magnificently: I had not thought Beethoven as a song-writer could be so effective. The next concert—still a long way off, April 18th—seems to be mainly devoted to Tchaikowsky, and will undoubtedly attract a big crowd.



Sir Henry J. Wood is still hammering away at his Saturday afternoon concerts, enjoying himself immensely while producing the music of Stravinsky and of other ultra-moderns. I have not as yet very much to say about "Fireworks". The title seems apt for such a work. Whether it is intended as a kind of Whistler "Cremorne" picture in tones, or whether there is some deeper intention underlying it—these are matters about which I am profoundly ignorant. This music, indeed, baffles and exasperates me; I don't know what the composer would be at, and the curious thing is that it does not even make me inquisitive. The fault, I am willing to grant, may be or must be my own, and I can only confess so much. Orchestral "fireworks", apart from a worthy artistic intention, hardly interest me; everyone can do that sort of thing nowadays, and however well it is done, it does not seem to me a thing really worth doing. Time and a fuller acquaintance with Stravinsky's scores may bring enlightenment; but at present, save in the difference of mode, of fashion, of musical speech, I feel no difference between Stravinsky's fireworks and those of Berlioz. The music of Delius is of a different sort and I know Delius to be a deeply sincere musician; I believe him to have taken a wrong road. Here, again, I may be wrong myself. But when I think of the composer's earlier work, and recall the poignant expressiveness of much of it, and compare it with the later work, the main fact borne in upon me is that in this later work there is no endeavour to express anything. Clever technique and effects of harmony and orchestral colour are everywhere in evidence; but the old delight in giving a voice to beautiful thought and emotion in a beautiful form seems to have gone. Anyhow, Sir Henry Wood does quite right to let us hear such music; it is only by hearing it often that we shall learn to understand its significance—if indeed there is anything to understand.

Mr. Leonard Borwick is giving a series of recitals in the Æolian Hall, and on Wednesday afternoon I went to hear him play Beethoven. Now, Mr. Borwick is a very fine pianist; but is he not carrying refinement a little too far? He was never powerful, as Bauer and Lamond are powerful, and he seems deliberately to be whittling away, so to say, his playing, to be taking all strength out of it, leaving only beautiful tone, delicacy—in a word, over-refinement. If ever there was a robust composer Beethoven was that man; and I cannot believe that he meant the late A Flat Sonata to be sentimentalised as Mr. Borwick sentimentalised it. Parts of the first movement were turned into a Mendelssohn scherzo—excellent, but not Beethoven; the whole of the two arias were turned into Chopin nocturnes—beautiful, but not Beethoven; the great rolling fugue was emasculated by the entries of subject and answer being made too prominent with a contrapuntal flagree about them. The fugue is one of the most glorious things in music; it is a song of triumph, not a moan. Mendelssohn borrowed the spirit of it and some of the actual passages for the overture to "St. Paul"; and he never would have done so had he known it only in Mr. Borwick's version. However, the F. Sharp Sonata was perfectly interpreted; and a polonaise—which I did not know Beethoven had written and would not believe but that I am told on the very best authority he did—was piquant and delightful. Some bagatelles and the G Rondo were also perfect in their way.

#### SATURDAY MAXIMS.—I.

THE Futurists of this generation are usually the fossils of the next.

A profession of faith in religion, unhappily, does not hinder the professor from doing a friend in the eye.

To the Agnostic God has granted one supreme, logical consolation—namely, Prayer.

There are only two parties which it is clearly quite impossible for a rich man who is a delicately honest man to belong to: one of these is the Socialist Party.

The bald out-and-out professing Individualist who by his own efforts has made a great deal of money may be in almost as awkward a position at the close of his life as the bald Socialist or Collectivist who has made a great deal of money: if he leaves it in a lump to his heirs, he encourages the second generation not to strive and compete for itself.

Rich Radicals who profess to prefer Socialists to Tories, and Socialists who profess to prefer Tories to rich Radicals, represent exactly the same form of hypocrisy seen from different sides. Strong-sighted eyes detect not the slightest essential distinction in hypocrisy between them.

It is a profane saying that God helps those who help themselves. It is *man* who helps those that help themselves—it is worth his while.

The Ins who vow that party government is ("with all its faults") the best system for the country which has, so far, offered are absurdly like those Outs who vow that party government is the worst system for the country: they merely differ in this—the first are intent to keep hold, the second are intent to get hold, of the stuff.

The man who was absolutely destitute, and yet passionately preached individualism, would be the limit.

What is the exact scientific meaning of the saying "Asking for It"? "Asking for It" is making even the minutest concession to the Blackmailer or the Blackguard on the off chance that, in consideration of this, he may let you alone in future.

G. A. B. D.

#### EATING THE LEEK.

Humility is all the mode,  
Uriah Heep's the fav'rite code.  
BIRRELL—his hand upon his heart—  
Vows he and office ought to part;  
He cannot say the thing he would,  
His ev'ry word's misunderstood;  
And for his post he's quite unfit  
(But all the same he clings to it).  
SEELY, with condescension pompous,

Says that Sir EDWARD isn't *compos*;  
But when he's given the smallest handle  
He straight assumes white sheet and candle.  
GULLAND with oil—a harmless trick—  
Revives the drooping flame of Wick.  
He never dreamt, the simple man,  
That folks would misconceive his plan,  
Or that remarks, to him so plain,  
Could give the starkest Tory pain;  
And public apprehension's lulled,  
Since GULLAND by himself was gulled.

Haphazard, simple, 'umble trio,  
Munching your several leeks *con brio*,  
How far you fall below *his* guise,  
Who knows not to apologise!  
Rather, with him, defame and rate  
Stab, bluster, and prevaricate;  
And, when your charge is baseless proved,  
Stand fast with brazen front unmoved;  
Yes, follow, tho' with rising gorge,  
The path that's trod by Mister GEORGE.

LUCIAN THE LESS.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FAILURE OF MR. NORMAN ANGELL.—I.  
To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

13 February 1914.

SIR,—A noticeable feature of the present controversy over the Naval Estimates has been the extensive use of Mr. Norman Angell's arguments by those concerned in effecting the reduction of our armaments.

Mr. Angell takes as his thesis that "modern wealth needs no protection [by armaments] because it cannot be confiscated", and he bases his argument in the main upon the facts of the modern credit-system by which he asserts wealth cannot be confiscated without such disastrous reactions upon international finance as to involve a victorious nation in the financial losses of the vanquished. He asserts, in fact, that war does not pay; and the confiscation of wealth being rendered impossible under modern conditions, thanks to the credit-system, armaments are an absurdity as a means of protecting wealth and are, in fact, a mere survival of obsolete conceptions of international politics which the progressive elements in all nations should unite to destroy.

The arguments which Mr. Angell puts forward are very plausible and have been very widely accepted. Taking the instance of the small States: Holland, Belgium, Norway, etc., he says in effect:—Here you have weak, defenceless nations wedged in between powerful, armed, unscrupulous neighbours, yet these are more wealthy in proportion to size and population than their great neighbours; whilst the standard of security with regard to national funds is higher with them than with their great neighbours. "The Three per Cents. of powerless Belgium are quoted at 96, and the Three per Cents. of powerful Germany at 82." This fact, we are told, constitutes one of the most remarkable of economic-sociological facts in Europe, and finally we are informed that the capitalists have concluded that modern wealth needs no protection because it cannot be confiscated. Thus we are led to the conclusion that because Holland, Belgium and Switzerland require no protection by armaments, Great Britain, France and Germany are in like circumstances. Q.E.D.! Unfortunately, this reasoning altogether omits the fact that the small States, so far from being militarily defenceless, are protected up to the hilt by the Balance of Power—by the equilibrium of military strength which to-day prevails in Europe. Could Germany invade Holland without the certainty of war with France? Could France invade Switzerland without the certainty of a war with Germany? Could even Great Britain, supreme upon the seas, arbitrarily lay hands on the Dutch colonies without raising international complications likely to imperil her existence? In what degree, therefore, are these small States militarily insecure? And in what degree is it possible to make any valid analogy between their state and the state of the great nations who guarantee their neutrality? And what is there at all wonderful in the fact that, these small nations being guaranteed military protection by the equilibrium of military power and by this same circumstance spared the burden of expensive preparations for defence, their national securities should be quoted at a higher figure than those of the States which protect them? That Mr. Angell should have seized upon this last fact as one of the most remarkable economic-sociological facts in Europe, that he should have put forward this argument as a proof of the economic futility of armaments, is a glaring instance of the superficial, illogical reasoning of "The Great Illusion."

Mr. Angell bases his assertion that modern wealth cannot be confiscated by a victorious nation upon the credit-system; but in reality such a confiscation of wealth, and upon a gigantic scale, has actually been accomplished well within the memory of a middle-aged man. I allude to the war indemnity of £200,000,000 paid by defeated France to victorious Germany after the war of 1870-1. What did this indemnity really mean? It meant the confiscation of French wealth by a victorious German army; it meant the confiscation of French capital by the victorious German nation. It is worth while to enquire into this payment of the French war indemnity. Mr. Angell has publicly asserted that Germany, after the war of 1870, was forced to withdraw

her troops from France and permit the defeated nation to develop that strength which to-day renders her a formidable rival, and the argument has been used to enforce his own particular patent views that were Great Britain to sustain a crushing naval disaster we also should be afforded an opportunity to recuperate. What are the facts, however? The facts are that at the time of the signature of peace roughly one third of France, including Paris, was in the hands of Germany and administered largely by German officials, and that there existed no single organised French force in the field. What would have happened had France declined to make peace? The answer is, of course, that Germany would have continued the war, that the remainder of France would have been occupied, and that, failing any other means of concluding peace, France would have been permanently garrisoned by German troops and administered by German officials. It was to avoid this contingency, carrying with it incalculable suffering to the French nation, that their Government bought the Germans off. In the event of an Anglo-German war, if our fleet were destroyed, the way would inevitably be opened to invasion; failing the speedy conclusion of peace by our Government, invasion would certainly follow, and we should be faced by the alternative of buying the Germans off by payment of a war indemnity, or of submitting to the permanent occupation and domination of Britain by an alien soldiery. Can it be for a moment suggested that the problematical reactions of such an operation upon German credit would weigh for a moment with a British Government in comparison with the certain terrible losses and suffering which would be inflicted upon our own people by failure to make a speedy peace?

Peace would be made, therefore, upon the German terms, and the German fleet and army would be sufficient guarantees for the carrying of these terms out. There follows the question, could a war indemnity of, say, £1,000,000,000, exacted from defeated Britain by victorious Germany, be utilised to the economic advantage of the German nation? First it is well to realise that Germany would have to meet no after charges arising from her victory. It is a favourite figure of speech with our Pacifists to speak about the terrible things they would do to Germany after they had been beaten; they speak of gigantic Naval Estimates forcing Germany to make similar charges for protection of her gains, of a nation in arms inspired by virulent hatred for Germany striking deadly fear into the hearts of the descendants of Bismarck and Von Moltke. All this is mere ignorant bluster and nothing more. If there is one thing that should be clearly realised by every Englishman, it is this: That the command of the sea once lost can NEVER be regained. France, after 1870, was not dependent upon imported raw materials and foodstuffs; Great Britain to-day is, and to imagine that a German government will permit us to build ships anew to contest its supremacy is merest folly. Fresh pretexts would always be found for exacting new war indemnities, and Great Britain would be reduced to a mere tributary State of the German Empire. It is moreover difficult to see how the writers who draw these lurid pictures of colossal estimates and frenzied military effort to wipe out the memory of disaster, carrying with it the death of all Liberal ideals and efforts at Social Reform, can make any claim to consistency when in the same breath they argue that the present armaments which preserve peace and permit the development of Liberal and Pacifist ideals undisturbed, are a sociological and economic futility.

Yours faithfully,

"A RIFLEMAN."

## "THE KING AND THE CRISIS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hove, Sussex,

16 February 1914.

SIR,—It is hardly necessary for anyone to remind His Majesty the King of his duty. But your correspondent, Mr. Cook, does so in your issue of the 14th inst.

The last occupant of the Throne who refused to "sign" a Bill was Queen Anne.

And, as it is the duty of the Crown to refuse to give assent to a Bill that the country does not approve of, there is little



doubt but that the King will not "sign" the Home Rule Bill.

There is no power in the Constitution to dispense with "the Will of the People", neither can the Constitution be altered without their consent, as has been attempted.

I am, sir, yours faithfully,  
B. R. THORNTON.

#### THE EXCLUSION OF ULSTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W.,

19 February 1914.

SIR,—The most remarkable peculiarity of our party is that we throw away good cards as soon as we get them. We have been told by various leaders of the Coalition that the question of using troops against Ulster will not arise, that there is no Ulster question, and that it is the duty of the Opposition to put forward suggestions. We are now told that the question of using troops has arisen, that there is an Ulster question, and that the Coalition is going to put forward suggestions. Having this winning hand, our leaders promptly throw up the cards by consenting to the exclusion of Ulster.

Now, to imagine that the exclusion of a few counties from the Molly Maguires is a deliverance from the peril which has wantonly been thrust upon us is to imagine a vain thing. It does not avert the dismemberment of the Empire, and it hands over the Loyalists in every other part of Ireland to the enemies of our flag. The Coalition is terrified and bewildered, and, as usual, we come to their help. We know that they dare not move a single soldier to coerce Ulster, and we know that if they did screw their courage to the sticking-place they could not, as the Duke of Bedford has lately pointed out, put into the field one-half of the soldiers necessary for the task. Why, then, should we give up the fruits of victory?

A further most important question is involved. There is not much enthusiasm for Home Rule outside of Philadelphia; but Home Rule enthusiasm is at a white heat compared with that which is felt for the dismemberment of our Church. The petitions exactly indicate the state of feeling in the country—two and a-half millions for the Church and four individuals against. But as there is no armed force ready to do battle for the Church, it will be dismembered unless the Coalition is overthrown on Home Rule. Their motto is: "Parcere superbos et debellare subjectos".

Therefore, if our party again gives way, it will send the Empire and the Church after the ruins of the Constitution. If we have no generals, it is time to fight a soldiers' battle.

I am, sir, yours, etc.,  
W. A. HIRST.

#### THE RATING SYSTEM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

28 Castle Street, Rothesay,

16 February 1914.

SIR,—Since no one else has done it, may I be allowed to take civil exception to the giving away of the very strong case for the present rating system in the SATURDAY's article of the 7th inst., "The Glasgow Tocsin". I shall not enter upon argument (unless you should invite me to do so), but merely protest against the statements that the rating system is an instrument inadequate to the needs of local administration—that it fails to levy an equitable toll on all forms of wealth—and that it is open to the objection of uncertainty. By uncertainty as an objection to a form of taxation is meant (I think) uncertainty about the amount demandable from the individual taxpayer, and not uncertainty in the ultimate incidence of the tax. But a pound rate in proportion to the annual rent of land or, premises occupied by the taxpayer is at least as free from the objection of uncertainty, in either sense, as any other method of taxation which could conceivably be substituted for it.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,  
A. D. MACBETH.

#### MEXICO AND THE UNITED STATES.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

London Institution,

Finsbury Circus, E.C.

SIR,—In your article on Mexico you state that ideas in the American continent do not affect the British Empire. Now one idea that has struck root in the American continent concerns the eventual establishment of a great North American Republic from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico; and the realisation of this dream might well have a very profound effect on the British Empire. If the United States absorb Northern Mexico, they will in all probability look to an amalgamation with Canada to preserve the political and racial balance of the States; and Canada would need to be very loyal to the British Empire to refuse the magnificent position which would thus be offered to her.

Your obedient servant,  
IMMO S. ALLEN.

#### ANGLO-RUSSIAN RELATIONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2 January 1914.

SIR,—Sir George Buchanan, the British Ambassador in St. Petersburg, when presiding at the Ninth Annual Banquet of the New English Club there, on the eve of the (Western but not Russian) New Year, urged all present to assist in their various ways in strengthening the Anglo-Russian understanding.

The opportunity is at hand here in London. We have only to give our support to the Russian play, Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina," at the Ambassadors' Theatre, and show our appreciation of the work of Madame Lydia Yavorska, the famous Russian actress.

Yours, etc.,  
A LOVER OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

#### "A MEDIÆVAL MILITANT."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The House in the Wood,

Woodham, Woking.

SIR,—It has been said that "experience keeps a dear school, but that fools will learn in no other, and scarcely in that", and it would certainly seem that we of the twentieth century must write ourselves down as not only fools, but fools that will not learn by experience.

I have lately been reading M. Rafael Sabatini's "Torquemada and the Spanish Inquisition", and it is somewhat humiliating to find that a description by Pulgar, the Spanish chronicler, of the conditions obtaining in Spain under Ferdinand and Isabella, about the year 1474, might with equal justice be given to-day of the state of things in our enlightened England of 1914.

"In those days", he writes, "justice suffered and was not to be done upon those malefactors who tyrannized in townships" (the italics are mine). "None paid debts who did not want to do so; none was restrained from committing any crime, and none dreamed of obedience or subjection to a superior . . . people were so accustomed to turbulence that he" (or she, as we must doubtless add to-day) "who did not do violence to others was held to be a man" (or woman) "of no account." "Citizens and men of peace were not masters of their own property, nor could they have recourse to any for redress of the wrongs they suffered at the hands of governors . . . and other thieves and robbers. Every man would gladly have engaged to give the half of his property if at that price he might have purchased security and peace for himself and his family. Often there was talk . . . of forming brotherhoods to remedy all these evils. But a leader was wanting who should have at heart the justice and tranquillity of the kingdom."

It is to be noted that it was a woman who took in hand the stupendous work of resolving into order the chaos that prevailed, and that she ultimately succeeded in her task. And it is pleasant to think that, once upon a time in the world's history, women were on the side of order, and that,

in the case of Isabella of Castile, they have set an example of vigorous endeavour to restore peace to a community given over to acts of ungoverned violence.

I remain, sir,

Yours faithfully,

BEATRICE M. BELLIN.

#### THE MIRACLE OF THE BRONTËS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

"Hursley", Honiton, Devonshire,

14 February 1914.

SIR,—Too much of one thing is good for nothing.

I would ask whether we are not having too much of the Brontës? It seems to me we are: too much for ourselves; too much for the Brontës.

With regard to Mr. Dewar's article in THE SATURDAY REVIEW of the 7th inst., there is one remark I should like to make. The remark has reference to the following:—"The 'wife', it is true, was a howling maniac, whom only a barbarous and immoral convention, about on a par with suttee, forced the wretched man to regard himself as married to; but no matter, convention ruled that he must be held up to opprobrium as at heart a bigamist".

Does the writer really mean that the insanity of the unfortunate wife dissolved the marriage bond?

I am, yours faithfully,

(REV.) WM. JOELL WOOD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

18 February 1914.

SIR,—The Rev. Joell Wood appears not to have read "Jane Eyre", otherwise surely the most elementary sense of humour would forbid him to use the word "unfortunate" of Rochester's frightful mate.

If he will turn to Chapter XXVII. of "Jane Eyre" he will read that her "vices sprang up thick and fast": "what a pigmy intellect she had—and what giant propensities!" Mr. Joell will further read of "the hideous and degrading agonies which must attend a man bound to a wife at once intemperate and unchaste".

When Mr. Joell has read the book and learnt that the lady in question—to whom the wretched Rochester had been married by a wicked fraud—was a loathsome drunkard; "unchaste"; "coarse and trite"; "perverse and imbecile"; violent and unrestrained in temper; "common, low, narrow", he will hesitate perhaps to apply to her again the word "unfortunate"—because in this relation it is somewhat absurd.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

#### PROTECTION FOR DRAMATISTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2 February, 1914.

SIR,—Societies for the prevention of cruelties to children, to women, to animals, and what-not—but never a one for the prevention of cruelty to dramatists! Societies for the protection of property, of wild birds, of criminals, and more what-nots, but never a one for the protection of masterpieces!

Some years ago there appeared in France an excruciating twopenny edition of "Hamlet", translated into French, which was announced to be the "Hamlet" of Shakespeare! If indeed the dead do turn in their graves at some outrage upon the conceptions of their late humanity, then the remains of the wretched author of Shakespeare's plays must be as active as Japanese waltzing mice.

What in the name of honesty and common sense was the meaning, aim, or object of the latest "production" of "Hamlet" at the Little Theatre? Surely this last outrage (perpetrated by an Englishman, too!) was "the unkindest cut of all"! The only omission we could understand was that of the famous "advice to the players", for in no way whatsoever did any of the players conform to those admirable precepts.

We were told something vague on the programme about this production being such a one as was likely to have been witnessed by Queen Elizabeth, and there was a suggestion of "reflected manners" of the Elizabethan Court and times. But most certainly no "mirror" was "held up to nature" in this ill-bred performance, in which, for example, Laertes lectured and warned Ophelia upon such a delicate matter as her honour, while a servant carrying luggage stood at his elbow, waiting for him to have done and proceed to the boat.

Mr. Poel has a wearisome habit of thrusting Queen Elizabeth into everything he does with such persistency—and often irrelevance—that we are forcibly reminded of "King Charles' head" which so obsessed another gentleman. If Queen Gertrude—the "Beauteous Majesty"—was intended to suggest Queen Elizabeth in any way whatever, it was an exceedingly poor compliment to that august lady, and would certainly have landed the contemporary producer in a nasty damp dungeon, well deserved. For never have we beheld such a particularly plain nonentity suggesting such elderly early Victorian rigidity of propriety. The mere idea of the youthful King's infatuation was ludicrous; the coarse reproaches made to her by Hamlet in the Closet scene were obviously uncalled for and quite shocked us, while his final injunctions made the profane to giggle. That any young man could ever desire—or effect—the cuddling of so elderly and austere a lady and dub her his "mouse"! (No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope!) However, strange to say, no one appeared to show the lady the least respect. Are we to believe that this Queen (who had been Queen for years, mind you) would allow Polonius to drop easily beside her on the settle, and make gestures during his recital of the flirtation between Hamlet and Ophelia that looked uncommonly like playfully poking her Majesty in the ribs? And all this while the King remained standing! Did Court etiquette permit Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to appear and always remain with capped heads before their Majesties and the Prince?

Here it must be remarked that these two characters, and also Fortinbras, were played by girls, which would have particularly astonished Elizabeth and the world at that time, from all we have been led to believe.

During the Play scene Ophelia calls out her questions or comments to Hamlet, seated on the opposite side of the stage, and with never a by-your-leave to their Majesties, who meekly submit to the usurpation of conversation by this cheerful little nonentity, who is also quite unabashed by the presence of a crowd of courtiers, jovially marking the not particularly delicate wit. But, then, her "You are naught" to Hamlet sounded uncommonly like "Naughty boy".

Ophelia, by the way, bore a strong resemblance to Louie Freear, in a dress that seemed too big for her, and a ruff that suggested a life-buoy supporting her head from entire engulfment. She was a peculiar creature, bully-ragged by Polonius, but pursuing Hamlet during their interview, in which the calm and casual utterances of that young man would have proclaimed him an appalling little boulder had anyone taken the idea of affection between the two in the least bit seriously.

Hamlet's playing of this scene certainly bore out the King's statement: "Love! His affections do not that way tend!"

But to return to the subject of Elizabethan Court manners. Is it possible that even this little sparrow of a Hamlet would have permitted the two young lady-gentlemen to shout at him with such vigorous indignation in the scene following the play? Would Laertes, indeed, sink comfortably into a chair, leaving his King standing, as they discussed the possibilities of the duel? This King, too, who was to be considered, we were told, as the pivot of the play, and who proved a quite insignificant person! But, then, nobody was significant in any mental sense. Ophelia and the Queen might easily have been cut out of the play for all the use they were to its plot; their insignificance of character was peculiarly striking.

As for the scenic production, it was neither new nor



particularly beautiful. Mr. Barker does that sort of thing much better, while Edith Craig would have made the lighting infinitely more effective. As it was (saving only the beautiful panel of rose light in the Grave scene) the whole play passed during night time—which probably accounted for many yawns.

The references to the Queen and Ophelia intend no slur on the two performers; they had nice distinct voices and could have had no chance against the producer.

But again I ask: When are we to have a society for the prevention of the murder of masterpieces?

Yours faithfully,

AN ACTRESS.

"NOT ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

36 Rich Terrace, Earl's Court, S.W.,

14 February 1914.

SIR,—While it is perfectly true, as your correspondent states, that the Christmas production at the Comedy Theatre was "Not Alice in Wonderland", it is surely none the less perfectly true that the child (Miss Cora Goffin) who took the part of Alice in this production was incomparably the best of all Alices. We have seen them all from the beginning.

Yours truly,

MANNING SPROSTON.

CHRISTCHURCH PRIORY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

23 Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.

16 February 1914.

SIR,—It is pleasant to learn from Mr. Druitt that the foolish and ignorant persons who objected to Mr. Whall's glass are the very ones who wish to fill the Lady Chapel "with mock-Gothic statuary and woodwork". I prefer to regard the Priory as an historical building rather than as a mediæval document; and if we have anything of our age to be proud of why not take away what is bad of modern work and put our best in its place? Then, with all respect to Mr. A. C. Benson's opinion, I think history, tradition and association will be considered in the highest degree.

Your obedient servant,

S. B. K. CAULFIELD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

19, Shaftesbury Road, Ravenscourt Park, W.,

12 February 1914.

SIR,—In justice to Mr. Druitt, I must qualify your correspondent Mr. Caulfield's too-flattering letter about my glasswork by saying that the expression, "delicate sweet-pea tints", which he describes as fatuous criticism, was my own. The phrase was perhaps carelessly chosen, but it was used only in conversation, and was the first one that came to hand to indicate the key of colour which seemed to me fitting for the situation. It would perhaps have been better to refer to the glass, say, at Malvern Priory as the kind of thing I had in mind.

I suppose I must not join in this controversy, being personally interested, but it must be fitting for me to assume responsibility for my own words.

Yours truly,

C. W. WHALL.

THE CHAFFINCH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Browning, I think, writes of the chaffinch in song in England when the lower twigs on the bole of the elm are in tiny leaf again; but I sometimes tend to think he comes earlier into song nowadays. At Hook he was singing—though incompletely—on February 14, I noticed, the day that followed the great storm of rain and wind.

Yours faithfully,

BIRD-LOVER.

ART AND LIBERTY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Windlestone, Ferry Hill,

30 December 1913.

SIR,—We lunched together at the Cavendish Hotel—that far-famed restaurant of excellent taste and much good looks.

In the dining-room lurks the gift of reticence, for there are no flowers and a silent grey background is very suitable to the rest of the surroundings.

After some persuasion, which for once resulted in success, I induced my wife to accompany me to the New English Art Club—she said it was sure to be a beastly affair, with which I entirely agreed, but thought it advisable to be satisfied by the conviction of experience. So we went and mounted a staircase to which the Pyramids are a child's play, and paid 2s. for which extravagance would be a joke. My wife disappeared at the top of the stairs, but I made a careful survey of the drawings and water-colours. Though an excellent painter in water-colours myself, I concluded as a result of my ignorance that I could not understand them at all. I then passed on to the centre room, where I discovered my wife sitting on the ottoman in the middle of the room. I said, "Well?" and she said "Well?" and that is very nearly all we said, and we shortly left the Exhibition. Arrived on the pavement, I said, "What are you going to do?" and she said "Shopping, most probably".

We went to Liberty's, that store of glare and glitter and bric-à-brac. From there to Peter Robinson's, where we met with some success, for I sat on a bundle of coloured flannels and must have fallen asleep, for there I dreamed or had a nightmare that the kaleidoscope of coloured silks and satins, of glaring horrors, of moving children and people and toys and general disturbance was the resurrection of the pictures that I had left. The dénouement was anything but profane, it was refreshing, and when my wife appeared laden with toys for infant joy the outbreak into the open air was a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

To return to a slight reference to the New English Art Club. What is the meaning of it all, this art from a modern point of view? Speaking generally of anything in this life, you can only judge of the future by the past, yet how is it possible to think that anything or very little can be satisfactory or become a classic out of the material of any modern movement in art? Is one to be instructed by such things? Is one to buy such things? Are we to imitate such things? Because, if so, it is certain that all our preconceived ideas from the example of the Greeks, the Primitives and the Renaissance in painting, and the schools of Spain and Holland have been an education and example that is in vain.

I don't say there should be no originality where it is felt, but I feel bound to condemn it where it is a vulgarity, an eccentricity and a pose—there are exceptions but I shall not name them.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM EDEN.

ART AND MORALITY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

22, Caversham Road, N.W.,

27 January 1914.

SIR,—When writing my former letter a passage in Goethe's "Conversations with Eckermann" recurred to my memory, which I have since verified. As the expression of so great a mind on the question of morality in art, it seems to me worth quoting, besides greatly reinforcing the argument I used:—

"1824. Wednesday, Feb. 25.—To-day Goethe showed me two very remarkable poems, both highly moral in their tendency, but in their several motives so unreservedly natural and true, that they are of the kind which the world styles immoral. On this account he keeps them to himself, and does not intend to publish them. 'Could intellect and high cultivation,' said he, 'become the property of all, the poet would have fair play: he could be always thoroughly true, and would not be compelled to fear uttering his best thoughts. But as it is, he must always keep on a certain level: must remember that his works will fall into

the hands of a mixed society: and must therefore take care lest by over-great openness he may give offence to the majority of good men. Then Time is a strange thing. It is a whimsical tyrant, which in every century has a different face for all that one says and does. We cannot with propriety say things which were permitted to the ancient Greeks; and the Englishman of 1820 cannot endure what suited the vigorous contemporaries of Shakespeare; so that at the present day it is found necessary to have a Family Shakespeare."

I am, sir,  
Yours faithfully,  
HAMILTON MINCHIN.

#### MATTHEW ARNOLD OR NIETZSCHE?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Morland, Chislett Road,  
West Hampstead, N.W.,

24 January 1914.

SIR,—On page 105 of the current SATURDAY Mr. Lionel Cust attributes the phrase "all too human" to Nietzsche. Surely Nietzsche can only have been a schoolboy when Matthew Arnold created the phrase in "Obermann".

Yours faithfully,  
SILVANUS P. THOMPSON.

#### KING CHARLES'S—HORSE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

East Bergholt, Suffolk,

15 February 1914.

SIR,—I intend to read Mr. Winans's "Animal Sculpture" because of your reviewer's admirable attitude towards a book for which he expresses a qualified philosophic toleration that appeals to the reader and awakes new interest in the enduring question of the treatment of natural truths in art.

In mentioning obvious errors which older persons ignore, in his provocative insistence on going to nature, copying nature, Mr. Winans has been preceded by Ruskin, who by this kind of teaching unintentionally gave an impulse to the industrious unfit to flood the world with mechanical repetitions in place of interpretative work.

Because interpretation embraces imagination in its highest function, I wish your reviewer had used this word for the quality we demand from those who paint, draw, chisel, or write.

The statue of Charles I., as a whole, interprets its period to us, and the more we are informed with knowledge of that period, with the history of the individual, and the work, the more striking will appear its fitness, its proportion, its position, its agreement with and distinction from its surroundings, so that the anatomical errors mentioned by Mr. Winans tend to increase rather than diminish its appeal to us. For an opposite case we have only to go to the front of the Church of St. Clement Danes in the Strand, where certain appalling truths of the late Mr. Gladstone's costume and countenance surmounting flamboyant feminine nudities repel us.

These two statues, one a proportioned and pathetic presentation of kingliness, the other the production and personification of colossal priggishness, prove that the question for the artist to answer is, what are the relative importance to each other of truths of nature in interpreting a human ideal?

Once when Ruskin dogmatised upon this theme at the age of twenty-three he committed himself to the astonishing assertion that truths of colour are the least important of all truths to the painter. He had been misled by Locke's quite legitimate classification of colour as secondary to form in his "Essay on the Human Understanding". The Gladstone statue causes certain ill-chosen truths of the anatomy of his countenance perpetually to stimulate posthumous disgust. It is either an example of commonplace imagination failing to interpret its ideal, even with the addition of symbolic nudities, or it is a tremendous satire; and yet, while the knowledge of anatomy would probably satisfy Mr. Winans, it is a standing demonstration that insistence upon facts without selection confuses the expression of an idea, that we shall frequently

derive more insight from the intuitive perception of the gifted than the pedantry of the instructed.

I have the honour to remain, your obedient servant,  
H. P. HAIN FRISWELL.

#### THE EVERLASTING BONFIRE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14 January 1914.

SIR,—I see the theme "Newspaper English" is once again filling columns. I propose we light a bonfire and set on it the most constant sinners, not only in newspapers, but in books. Why not have done with such hideous and uncalled for expressions as "took place" for simply "was"; "in respect to"; "in regard to"; under, over, in, or amid "these circumstances"? Instead of cumbrous, disgusting periphrasis, why not use pure, perfectly simple English words? What do we gain by the sesquipedalian habit; and how can we ever hope to reach, through such clumsy barbarisms, I will say not style, how can we reach even form in writing? Finally, why must our writers nearly always prefer "sufficient" to "enough"? When there is a change in this habit—or when, as the more impressive writers would say, a change in this habit "takes place"—the cause of the English tongue will be greatly served.

Yours faithfully,  
A WRITER.

#### WHAT ARE ETOTOLI?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

34, Elm Park Mansions,  
Park Walk, Chelsea, S.W.

29 December 1913.

SIR,—Not long ago I bought, in a second-hand bookshop, a thin paper-covered treatise written by one George Edwards, of Market Lavington, Wilts, and published apparently towards the end of the eighteenth century. The title page, headed "A Discourse on the Emigration of British Birds", goes on to give a lengthy abstract of the contents of the little book. Among the birds mentioned on this page, after such familiar names as the whinchat, willow-wren, and white-throat, occurs the word Etotoli. In the book itself the name occurs once more, following those of the butcher-bird, wry-neck, redstart, and willow-wren, but there it is spelt *etoboli*.

Can any reader of the REVIEW enlighten me as to the meaning of the word?

I am, yours faithfully,  
J. R. H.

#### THE WILD CATTLE OF CHILLINGHAM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Springbank, Hamilton,

10 February 1914.

SIR,—The "Athenæum" says that "Lord Tankerville has presented to the Zoological Gardens a pair of the famous Chillingham wild cattle. These are the first of their race (pure bred since the fourteenth century) to leave the Chillingham estate, and they are given on the condition that neither they nor their progeny, if they rear any, shall leave the gardens".

In Cadzow Forest, near Hamilton, there has roamed from probably the same period a similar breed, numbering now 35, of so-called wild cattle, belonging to the Duke of Hamilton. About 25 years ago Lord Tankerville presented a bull to the late Duke to be added to this breed, and cattle have been bred by him bearing the marks common to both breeds.

Yours, etc.,  
JAMES BELL.

*The Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot be responsible for manuscripts submitted to him; but if such manuscripts are accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes every effort will be made to return them.*



## REVIEWS.

## AN INCOMPARABLE ARTIST.

"Sophocles in English Verse." Part 2. By Arthur S. Way, D.Lit. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.

THE genius of Euripides is to the fore nowadays, suiting our doubting and disputatious age, and commended by the brilliant analysis of Verrall and the romantic verse renderings of Professor Gilbert Murray. But Sophocles should not be forgotten—an incomparable artist in the Greek qualities of grace, restraint, due proportion, and beauty of language. All his extant plays reach a high level, too, in the delineation of human character, a main purpose alike of drama and story. The mere piling up of words and rhetoric is too common to-day, as if it were necessary to make a good case. The drama of Sophocles is an instance of an artist handling his themes with the ease of a master. "I told him", writes FitzGerald of a nephew who had translated the "Hippolytus", "he should have taken Sophocles, who never *jaws* Philosophy in the midst of Passion; all his speeches advance instead of retarding it".

There are, of course, difficulties in the Greek drama from the modern point of view, chiefly the chorus, irregular in its rhythms, difficult in its language, and, when it descends to ordinary talk, rich in temporising platitude. The long monologues, such as the masterly display of irony in which Ajax conceals and reveals his purpose, are almost in fashion again to-day.

Altogether there is every reason why the ignorant nonsense of the average writer about the frozen calm of Sophocles should disappear, and renderings like these of Dr. Way should be enough to do the business for Greekless readers. We owe to him many admirable translations of the classics, and we are glad that after an interval of five years he has completed his Sophocles with this second volume. There are, it is true, several extant versions of good quality, but Dr. Way's is equal to any of them, and perhaps the best because it is the most poetical. The vocabulary of poetry is not an easy thing to come by; as Tennyson said: "Poeta nascitur et fit". Instinct can do much in the way of the happy word as well as the bad blunder, but to translate a consummate poet one must be the pupil of English masters in poetry from Shakespeare to Swinburne.

In such lore, we feel assured, Dr. Way is an accomplished scholar, and his rhymed paraphrases of the choruses remind us of Swinburne, who was the model also for the late Edmund Morshead in his admirable versions of Æschylus. If we agree that the chorus as it stands is untranslatable—a concession that most scholars would make—there is no better way. As a specimen of the translator's quality we give part of the chorus in the "Electra", which foreshadows the imminent doom:—

"She is coming!—the sound of her feet as the tramp of an army—she leaps from her ambush dread!  
As the clashing of hosts is the clang of her sword!—  
she comes, the Erinnyes of tireless tread!  
For, blasting the troth of the bridal, the love of wedlock, there came upon those for whom  
It was deadly sin—came a fury of passion for marriage-bonds woven in murder's loom.  
Therefore I knew full well surely that never, O never to us this sign doth appear,  
Save for condemnations of workers of guilt and their helpers. In sooth in the words of a seer  
And in dreams divination is none, except fulfilment of this night-vision be near."

In the dialogue Dr. Way makes his points clearly and cleanly, and does not yield to the expansion which is so easy a way out of difficulties. In particular, we notice an effective use of negative forms, as in

"And how thy coming to this man—not mine—  
Shall be mistrustless and unperrilled, learn".

The question how far modern ideas can be introduced with advantage is one of taste, on which the best men

will differ; but much may be ventured to bridge the gulf between ancient Greece and our own times. We would have the novel ideas of "chivalry" which Jebb, we think, used, and Dr. Way's "chivalrous" rather than so cold and jejune a performance as Matthew Arnold's "Merope".

A more doubtful embroidery is that Dr. Way allows himself in the following lines, which we give as a specimen of the beautiful work of Sophocles in a play sometimes derided as poor. Deianeira is answering the counsel of the Chorus still to cherish hope:—

"Thou com'st as who hath heard, I will divine,  
My trouble; but the depth of my soul's pangs  
Thou know'st not now, and may'st thou never prove.  
For youth on fancies feedeth in a world  
Of faerie all its own; nor heat of sun,  
Nor rain, nor any storm-blast troubleth it,  
But pleasure-winged life soars above all care—  
Until the maiden maid no more is called,  
But wife, and care thereafter haunts her nights,  
Care, trembling for a husband or a child.  
Then shall one see, when she on her own plight  
Looks, 'neath what misery's burden I am bowed."

Here "youth" is to τὸ νεῖός, the young thing, which grows "in its own places". A "world of faerie" is not necessary; a world of privacy is what the text suggests. The image is that Catullus develops so finely in his second Epithalamium:—

"Ut flos in saeptis secretus nascitur hortis,  
Ignotus pecori, nullo convulsus aratro,  
Quem mulcent aurae, firmat sol, educat imber."

Dr. Way gives admirably the force of

ἡδοναῖς ἀμύχθον ἐέλπει βίον.

The "arguments" attached to each play show that Dr. Way can handle prose as well as verse, but we think he has forgotten Chrysothemis when he speaks in the "Electra" of "Argos, where remained now of Agamemnon's seed Electra his daughter only".

## THE MODERATE MAN.

"Life and Works of Fénelon." By Paul Janet. Translated by Victor Leuliette. Pitman. 5s. net.

FÉNELON'S figure, as we try to see it now, close on two hundred years after his death, is a little vague. Of the essential saintliness of his life there can be no possible doubt, but for the rest his character was too complex to make a strong and definite impression. Dr. Paul Janet in this admirable little monograph did all that might be done in the way of giving a concise account of the acts and interests of the good Archbishop. We see him as philosopher, literary critic, theologian, educationist, and politician, but, to whichever chapter we turn, we are struck most by the man's moderation. Reason made him an eclectic, and his kindly disposition inclined him always to conciliation. For such a one every age and nation has its pressing need; yet it is seldom the lot of the trimmer to go down to history as a hero. At the best he is held in pious memory; at the worst reviled as a Laodicean. A Falkland can be dismissed in a phrase or anecdote, whilst the Wentworths and the Cromwells must fill pages in the historian's books.

It was Fénelon's misfortune that his one sensational appearance before the world should have been made for a cause which he could only defend in the most spiritless fashion. It is difficult to imagine how a man of his abilities could have been greatly attracted by the ideas of Mme. Guyon and the Quietists, but we may surmise that he allowed himself to drift. Doubtless he saw something attractive in them, but it may be questioned whether he had weighed them very carefully before he found they were being attacked and that he himself was compromised. There was much of the saint in him, but he was a self-respecting saint. He defended his friend, Mme. Guyon, with loyalty, and even found much in her mysticism which was capable of defence when

the whole case went to Rome for judgment. Bossuet, ever hungry for controversy and a very watchful "Hound of the Lord", was Fénelon's chief opponent at this crisis, and the King did not hesitate to take part in a dispute over nice points of theology. Louis, indeed, kept the gentle Archbishop in exile at Cambrai for the rest of his days, but the Papal decision was couched in words which took the sting out of its condemnation and were a reproach to his accusers. Fénelon was declared to have erred through an excessive love of God, but Bossuet through a defective love of his neighbour. It was the former's sole excess.

Had Louis XIV. died sooner and the Duke of Burgundy ascended the throne, it is likely that Fénelon would have had a high place in the direction of the State. His mild liberalism in politics might have given a different complexion to eighteenth-century France; but he was never given the opportunity to put his theories into practice. Of all that is left of his written words, his letters as a spiritual director to Mme. de Maintenon and others are, perhaps, the most pleasing. They are typical of his character, and he appears in them as true priest and true courtier. From some of his books we must own to having endured weariness. "Télémaque" to-day seems like a gigantic monument of polished marble beneath which thoughts lie entombed, and, worst of all, it is garnished by many wreaths of obviously artificial flowers. Bossuet, presumably speaking of its love passages, declared it "hardly worthy of a priest", but we may wonder that even a priest could write with such cold elegance of the human passions.

Far more interesting and diverting is his treatise, "De l'Education des Filles". On this subject we once again note his moderation, for he stands half-way between the school which had produced "les precieuses ridicules" and those others who could see in woman nothing but the useful and desirable chattel. In an age of feminism his purely masculine convictions are not likely to be honoured openly, yet some, we fancy, will pay them secret tribute.

"The ignorance of a girl", says Fénelon, "is the reason why she feels dull and does not know how to busy herself innocently". If her mind be not applied from childhood to serious matters, "everything makes her fear a regular and industrious life". Elsewhere he writes: "Can men hope for any amenities in their own lives if their most intimate relationship, marriage itself, turns into vexation?" Never does he suggest that a girl's education is an unimportant matter, but never do we gather from his work that he regarded it as an end in itself. If, as Dr. Janet hinted, he was breaking new ground for feminism, he was surely doing so with most masculine intent.

#### TIME FOR BED.

"The Bed-Book of Happiness." By Harold Begbie. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

MR. BEGBIE has put together a "colligation"—but as there is no ligature whatever he must mean a collection—of "cheerful writings for the diversion, distraction and delight of those who lie abed, a friend to the invalid, a companion to the sleepless, an excuse to the tired". He takes his prettily-printed volume very seriously, hoping that it will "live at bedsides, deepening and sweetening the reader's affection for its faded leaves, till it come to seem an old, faithful and never-failing friend, without whom life would lose one of its fondest companionships". We have tried Mr. Begbie's book in bed, sleepily, tried it wakefully, and were unconscious of any "magic and contagious joy" or unusual exhilaration, but only of some annoyance at having to cut the pages. Granted that we don't want Mrs. Gummidge any more than Mrs. Gamp as a clinical companion, Mark Tapley would be even worse, for ever saying, "Now you have got to be happy and laugh".

However, Mr. Begbie does not offer us that most depressing thing, a jest-book, nor a book of elegant extracts, nor an anthology of purple patches, but just

a string of excerpts, mostly rather common-place, from authors he happens to have been reading—Boswell, Calverley, Cobbett, Johnson, Hazlitt, Dickens, Dean Hole, Dobson, Samuel Butler (not our old friend "Hudibras"), Mark Twain, and the "Percy Anecdotes". These authors will lay their somniferous poppy on our eyes more efficiently than sheep jumping through a hedge and leaving no tales behind them. King Charles I. had the dramas of Mr. William Shakespeare read to him when in bed—for which nodding acquaintance with stage-plays Milton afterwards despicably denounced him. But Mr. Begbie's aim seems to be rather to prevent sleep with happy, couch-shaking laughter. Reluctantly we confess that a good many of the pages of the "Bed-Book of Happiness" have left us yawning. Sometimes, too, we have doubted the "colligator's" judgment. We should have left out the pointless anecdote from T. E. Brown about the curate and "Crown Him, Lord of all!" We don't believe that Kemble had the insolence, as Gronow reports, to say to the Regent, "Sir, may I beseech your Royal Highness to open your royal jaws, and say 'oblige' instead of 'obleege'", which Gronow absurdly calls the vitiated pronunciation of the day. The dear little story of the children who could not tell Adam from Eve until they put their clothes on is much older than Mr. Butler, who spoils it in telling. We might add that "the celebrated Henderson", of whom an anecdote is related on page 7, was not an actor, but an undergraduate of Pembroke, Oxford, where Johnson cultivated his acquaintance.

However, the reader—not perhaps very critical 'twixt asleep and awake—will find some pleasant pages in this book; make acquaintance, perhaps, with W. H. Brookfield, who had a pretty wit, and renew acquaintance, it may be, with Horace Walpole or Sydney Smith. Why is there not more from the latter delightful old worldling? It is in a reading from Gronow that we get Smith's description of Rogers labouring to bring forth a dozen verses, how the street was strewn with straw, the knocker tied up, and the answer to anxious enquirers was that Mr. Rogers was as well as could be expected. We like the "Horatian" bit, apropos of the periwig-makers petitioning the King against the fashion of men wearing their own hair, that carpenters might be expected to remonstrate after the Peace that there was no longer any demand for wooden legs. There is a really remarkable passage from Walpole, dreaming of the change that would come over the world when balloons took the place of ships, how Salisbury Plain would become a dockyard for aerial vessels, who would fight in the air with wind-guns and the like. Another modern touch in Horace Walpole, who disapproved even of angling as cruel, was his sentimentality about pain.

#### THE MYSTERY AND ROMANCE OF CHINA.

"Annals and Memoirs of the Court of Peking." By E. Backhouse and J. O. P. Bland. Heinemann. 16s. net.  
 "Buddhist China." By Reginald Fleming Johnston. Murray. 15s. net.

THESE two books may well be studied together. The authors of that remarkable work, "China under the Empress Dowager", now apply to three or four centuries the same cold anatomical method pursued with success in estimating the more immediate causes of the downfall of the Manchu dynasty. They are altogether of the "decline and fall" school. They lay great stress on the vices of rulers, the intrigues of favourites and eunuchs, the emasculating effect of luxury on the Imperial race. That is, of course, their business, and they do it well. But it is not unfair to say that after digesting five hundred pages one is still far from understanding the true causes of the decline of the Chinese State and the process of deterioration which seems really to have affected the Chinese people during the last few centuries. The ascendancy of the palace eunuchs may well explain the downfall of a single monarch or a dynasty, but does not so well



explain the slow decay of a civilisation. In English history there are numerous instances of kings being undone by their favourites, but the English people have gone their way much the same. France suffered much more from the vices and weaknesses of its rulers. Yet Dubarrydom, after all, only exposed the French nation to temporary humiliations; France did not go decisively downhill simply because many of its kings were held in bondage by worthless men and women. Mr. Johnston does not throw much light on this perplexing problem. But his book does suggest some explanation why the process of decay has not gone much further, why China has not split up into fragments, and why the hope of regeneration can still be entertained. He finds in Buddhism a great unifying influence which, supplementing and vitalising the merely moral precepts of Confucianism, has stamped its character on the millions of the Chinese Empire, from Canton to the confines of Manchuria. A common conception of duty, a common outlook on life, a common literary vehicle, a common religious ideal—these in combination have been able to resist the shocks of rebellion and dynastic vicissitude and the wear and tear of centuries. Confucius as moral guide, Shaka Muni as the lamp of the soul, have kept the Chinese people together so far; and in the opinion of most Chinese students the two will in the long run conquer the reckless spirit of innovation introduced by the Americanised authors of the late revolution.

The design of Messrs. Backhouse and Bland's book is perhaps not altogether satisfying. It is neither a continuous history nor a series of frankly isolated studies, and the abruptness of some of the transitions may puzzle readers not familiar with the subject. The style is sometimes a little irritating—such an expression as "specimen of humanity" should be left to journalism—and one is occasionally jarred by the dogmatism which seems inseparable from deep learning on Far Eastern subjects. But with all deductions, it must be said that the book is alive with interest. The authors have gone to original documents for their information; they show generally a wise discrimination in estimating the value of this or that authority; and their narrative is not only engrossing to the general reader, but should be of good value to the serious student of Chinese history.

There is a curious parallelism between the fall of the two great dynasties whose history is sketched in this work. The Ming Empire was founded about the time that the French victories of the Black Prince were being whittled away by the disasters which marked the closing years of Edward III. The final extinction of the dynasty, founded by a Buddhist priest who successfully rebelled against the degenerate heir of Kublai Khan, almost coincided with the humiliation and death of Charles I. The early Ming Emperors were men of great energy and capacity. They were strong in the field and wise in council; under them the country enjoyed great prosperity; it was the golden age of Chinese art. Even as late as the period when the present narrative opens we have fascinating glimpses of a laborious but not unhappy people, paying vast respect to literary accomplishments, and of paternal sovereigns who took the trouble to see and hear for themselves what was going on. We find a Chinese Haroun al-Raschid, fond of disguises and dramatic situations, who elevates a poor but virtuous scholar to a high post, degrades a bumptious official to some country clerkship, and detects and decapitates an oppressor of the poor. We see in full working order the examination system which time has fossilised, but which is even now not quite so absurd an institution as it has been represented—a system which at least had the virtue of throwing an official career open to all men of talent, whatever their original rank in life. Life in China, with its redundant population, must always have represented a grimy struggle, but under the early Mings the wealth of the country was enormous, and the standard of comfort was probably higher than now.

But the growth of effeminacy at the Court, under a

succession of feeble rulers, with the consequent misgovernment, involved an insurrection which paved the way for the establishment of the Manchu power. In their time the Manchu rulers lost the virility of their great founder Nurhachi; the palace became once more the theatre of disreputable intrigues, of poisoning, assassination, "squeeze", extortion, and villainy of every description; and the alien house perished, as did the native one, of sheer imbecility. Under the rule of the earlier Manchus, however, China enjoyed external peace and domestic prosperity, and soon recovered from the effects of such hideous incidents of the conquest as the sack of Yang-chu, where nearly half of the million inhabitants were put to the sword. An idea of the wealth and civilisation of the Chinese at the end of the eighteenth century may be gathered from the official record of the sequestration of the property of the Grand Secretary, Ho Sen. He was destroyed for his wealth, just as Fouquet's downfall was compassed by Louis XIV. Ho Sen's possessions under twenty-six official schedules alone were computed at seventy millions sterling, and his entire estate was estimated at four times that amount. He had 27,000 ounces of gold and sixty million ounces of silver; the very wash-basins at his various great houses were of solid gold. He had accumulated 1,417 fine sable robes and over 4,000 other fine garments; and his curios included eighteen gold "Lohans", 2 ft. 4 in. in height, and 9,000 sceptres of gold, weighing each 48 oz. Some of his most prized possessions have found their way to the West. In particular, a rock of jade, eight feet long, carved and engraved, is now in the New York Museum; it was part of the loot of 1900.

The most notable figure of the Manchu line is Chi'en Lung, who in his extreme old life received the embassy of Lord Macartney. His "mandates" to George III., declining proposals for diplomatic and commercial relations, were curiously like and yet were unlike the bombastic effusions of a later period. Chi'en Lung, of course, writes *de haut en bas*. George III. is represented as "yearning after the benefits of our civilisation" and as showing a respectful humility that is "highly praiseworthy". But the phraseology is dignified and not necessarily insulting, and the reasons given for not desiring closer relations are, so far as they go, excellent reasons. The old man betrays a complete indifference to gawds and toys. "Strange and costly objects", he says, "do not interest me. I set no value on objects strange and ingenious, and have no use for your country's manufactures."

After Chi'en Lung's death decadence was swift. How entirely degenerate became the Manchu aristocrats may be gleaned from many curious narratives which the authors have gathered from various sources. A year or two before the revolution the Princes, it seems, were fond of visiting, in disguise, the lowest haunts of the capital, where they revelled in riot and debauchery. There is a telling account of a young man, his face blacked with charcoal and his form disguised in miserable greasy rags, engrossing the attentions of the waiters at a restaurant. His conversation was "full of vulgar oaths and the lowest Pekingese slang". "Suddenly a smart official carriage arrived; the young fellow washed, and changed his dress, and drove off to dinner at Prince Kung's Palace, resplendent in the jewelled buttoned hat which Princes wear, decorated with the triple-eyed peacock's feather." The stories of this time recall, in fact, the freaks of the French nobility from the Regency to the Revolution, with a sinister admixture of the darker vices of Renaissance Italy, with its poisonings and assassinations.

It is almost a relief to turn to the other side of China dealt with in Mr. Johnston's sympathetic and scholarly book, which bears unmistakable traces of independent research. Mr. Johnston does not think that the authority of Buddhism is seriously threatened by the Revolution. It is in a different position from Taoism, and even from Confucianism. Taoism, once a pure religion, and even now not to be despised as an inspiration of art and literature, in which respect it occupies a position somewhat analogous to the Greek

mythology, is now a degraded mixture of witchcraft and polytheism. Every school opened necessarily means a Taoist temple closed. Confucius must always exercise a potent influence on Chinese thought, but his moral sovereignty is threatened by the same causes which overthrew the world's oldest imperial throne. That is a greater danger than the passing spirit of philistinism which threatens to make an experimental farm of the grove round the Altar of Heaven, and to withdraw the subsidies from all Confucian institutions. But Buddhism has, to judge from its increased vitality even in Japan, still a mission for the Far Eastern peoples, and the author sees no reason why "reform" should necessarily be fatal to its influence. The weakness of Buddhism, it would seem, is its tendency to withdraw the devout from active life. Monasticism is an ideal, just as it was under the later Roman Empire, and probably for the same reason, that ordinary life is sad with the drabness of hopeless materialism. Mr. Johnston gives a most interesting picture of the great monasteries at Puto, the Holy Island near Shanghai, and Chi-hua, the sacred mount in the province of An-hui. Hither at various times have repaired great poets, warriors, statesmen, and courtiers, weary of the life of palaces and cities. There are fascinating glimpses of some of these, and of the queer anchorites who chose such humble pseudonyms as "Truly stupid", "Can't do anything", and "Queer fellow who lived in a cave and ate roots". It is curious to note that the Empress Dowager herself took a great interest in Puto, and used to "enthroned herself among water lilies, and pretend that she was the divine Kuan-yin ('Goddess of Mercy') emerging gracefully from the sea". It is a new world of romance that Mr. Johnston opens up, and the book may be confidently recommended alike to the student of comparative religion, to the lover of Chinese art, who will find the explanation of much that is obscure, and to the general reader who has never suspected the Chinese of the possession of a soul.

#### THE EMPIRE-KINGDOM.

"The Hapsburg Monarchy." By H. W. Steed. Constable and Co. London. 7s. 6d.

THIS book would be altogether admirable but for its last chapter. That a book on a foreign country, and particularly on Austria-Hungary, requires a chapter on foreign policy is obvious. But Mr. Steed's chapter lacks both the breadth of view and the impartiality that mark the rest of the volume. It is not altogether his fault, for he has suffered from lack of material; but he was ill-inspired when he decided to expound his ideas by means of a narrative of Near Eastern affairs since 1908. The fault is not that the story bristles with controversial points; it is that Mr. Steed professes to be writing history but does not cultivate the historical atmosphere. Britain is always white and Germany always black. This sort of thing may be good pamphleteering, but we do not learn much from it. The fact is that Mr. Steed has lived too long in Vienna, and has written like an official of the Austrian Press Bureau. It is a pity that these prejudiced pages have been allowed to mar so excellent a book. The best thing, where so much is good, is Mr. Steed's discussion of the Jewish question. Considering the enormous amount of valuable work that has been written about the relations of the English and the Irish, it is surprising that the far more important and interesting question of the relations of Europeans and Jews should have received so little serious attention. What is Mr. Steed's chapter against the vast mass of prejudiced rubbish printed in Germany every year? However, we must thankfully accept good stuff when it is given us, and we can commend Mr. Steed's chapter as an extremely well-informed, modest, and sincere piece of work. There are three points that invite criticism. First, Mr. Steed has relied a little too much on Werner Sombart's over-ingenious philosophising. An English Pressman in Vienna has

ample opportunity of studying the Jews at first-hand. Secondly, more should have been made of Jewish idealism. It is the good side of the Jewish love of gambling in the future. The Jew comes of a very old stock which has seen everything in the world change, except itself. Hence the Jew is never daunted by facts; the future is as real to him as the present. All will come right in time; and what is time to the Jewish race? It is for this reason that the Jew is a born leader of political forlorn hopes. Lastly, Mr. Steed has not quite brought out the point that Jews who claim to be good Germans have their own conception of good Germanism. He notes that the German Social Democracy owes its existence to two Jews, and that half the members in the Reichstag are Jews. But he fails to note that this shows that the Germanised Jew does not propose to become a German of the ordinary sort. On the contrary, he proposes to alter Germany very considerably, and so make it a country fit for him to live in.

We wonder whether Mr. Steed has ever seen India. Reading his book, we were perpetually reminded of the Indian parallel, and perhaps our author's insistence on the Asiatic character of the Hapsburg monarchy was intended to support it. Both Empires are a medley of peoples divided as to race, religion, and language. Both are governed by bureaucracies; and in both the supreme authority, standing far above local rivalries, is the Crown. Without pressing the parallel too far, we may note that the Emperor Francis Joseph has known how to set up all the apparatus of Western parliamentary institutions without diminishing his own authority or seriously affecting the system of government. The point should not escape those who proclaim that it is impossible to pour new wine into old bottles. Again, the Austrian methods of dealing with the Press might be looked at by Indian administrators. They are less honest than ours, but they work more smoothly. Finally, there is significance in the point, on which Mr. Steed lays proper stress, that the curse of Austria is bureaucratic tyranny which even the Crown cannot curb. The moral might well be drawn nearer home than India.

#### ONE OF THE GREAT BOOKS OF THE WORLD.

"Cæsar De Bello Gallico." Edited by T. Rice Holmes. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 8s. 6d. net.

IF Cæsar had known the penalty attached to his wonderful gift for clear and intelligible prose he would have burned his "Commentaries". Every boy is potentially a worshipper of heroes, and what a hero might Cæsar have been—were it not for his "Gallic War"! Here, indeed, was a soldier, a general and explorer—escaping ever by a hair's breadth, succeeding always, negligently magnificent—a prince of men for the imagination of young people. But alas! Cæsar was also an author—an author who wrote good, simple Latin; just the kind of Latin for a lower form, say the teachers (they are not altogether right). Accordingly he must be spattered with school-boy ink, and identified with piece-meal efforts to read in an unknown, painful tongue. "When Cæsar was in hither Gaul—Gaul is divided altogether into three parts." How shall enthusiasm survive pedagogic explanations, apprehensively followed, concerning the true significance of "omnis", or the correct use of "cum" with the subjunctive?

We have always resented the base uses to which this truly wonderful book has been immemorably put. For nine out of every ten men who read Latin, Cæsar's "Gallic War"—one of the great books of the world—is spoiled. The imagination of its readers is indelibly soiled with early inking and thumbing—possibly with early tears—whereby a meaning was wrung from the text, extorted phrase by phrase. What masterpiece could survive such handling? Was ever a hero presented in a less engaging fashion? What shining schoolboy, in his first encounter with dependent clauses and oratio obliqua, is likely to see this great captain as a man of brilliant action—this fellow after whom he tediously crawls from camp to camp? Re



frumentaria provisa castra movet diebusque circiter XV ad fines Belgarum pervenit. By the time our young scholar has fully deciphered this, he has small leisure to admire the speed, decision, unexpectedness—in a word the Cæsarian—quality of the deed. He may read—a day or so later—that this movement of Cæsar was de improvviso celeriusque omnium opinione; but our potential worshipper of heroes only knows it was the slowest and most arduous journey he has ever made.

Mr. Rice Holmes feels there is something decisively wrong in all this. His present edition of the "Gallic War" is for humane readers who can dissociate "Cæsar De Bello Gallico" from the wretched text-books, with exercises appended, so hatefully familiar to people who have had a "classical" education. For ourselves, we would gladly see the "Gallic War" banished from our schools. Why should a masterpiece be unnecessarily degraded? Any sort of Latin is good enough for a lower form pupil to cut his classical teeth on. If, however, nothing less than a masterpiece will serve, let the teacher, at any rate, present Cæsar to his boys in the round; present him to the pupils' imagination as a great figure; tell the story of his wars; his military and political adventures; his explorings; his tactics and methods of warfare; the reasons of his presence in Gaul; what he set out to do there; its results for his future and for the future of Rome; the character and politics of the tribes he conquered. Let the teacher, in a word, present Cæsar to his boys as Mr. Rice Holmes presents him in this entirely civilised and reasonable book. It is a book for the general reader of Latin, and for scholars who have not the time for Mr. Holmes's larger works. The notes will satisfy all but the greediest gluttons for Latinity. The introductions, as briefly as possible, put Cæsar's Gallic War justly into place in relation to contemporary politics. This would be a good edition for Mr. Holmes's sensible proposal that the "Gallic War" should be rapidly read from end to end by the highest form in every school. Let the schoolboy, instead of worrying through a few paragraphs of this splendid tale in his time of declensions and conjugations, read it as it should be read—when brain and fancy can measure one of the very great heroes of the world as he reveals himself in the living page.

#### BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

"The Dignity of Business." By H. E. Morgan. Ewart Seymour. 2s. 6d. net.

"Modern Business Routine." Vol. I. Home Trade. By R. S. Osborne. Effingham Wilson. 2s. 6d. net.

BUSINESS has a phraseology, nay, it has a literature, of its own. To succeed in business one must, must one not? master a particular style, which aims at suppressing individuality and putting in its stead the stock phrase. If you are writing a "business" letter on no account express yourself in ordinary terms. Begin "*Re yours of the 15th inst.*", or "*ult.*" Write that, "referring to your esteemed order for so and so, we regret we are unable to execute the same". Moreover, don't forget you must never receive a thing, you must "*duly*" receive it. You do not receive a letter, you are "*favoured with one*". You do not tell a man anything, you "*beg to advise*" him or to "*notify*" him. Mr. Jones of our firm is not Mr. Jones, he is "*our Mr. Jones*". Mr. H. E. Morgan, who is a thoroughly good business man, suggests the establishment of business curricula at Public Schools and Universities, as well as specialised commercial training schools. He has ideas—the things which so mystified Louis Jennings's commercial traveller in the inn at Bakewell. He would secure for business a fuller recognition as a career of dignity and for our national trade additional and more enterprising Government support. There is no doubt that our Universities, our "*esteemed*" Universities, do go in for Greek verbs more than for business. They go in, too, for mathematics more than for figures. Did not Cecil Rhodes

call them children in finance? And the only revenge for this slight they ever took on Rhodes, so far as we can discover, was to suffer that odd little image of his to be niched in the new building of Oriel which has been spatch-cocked into the High.

We are not quite sure that we can go with Mr. Morgan when he calls for a business department in the Public Schools. The counter-jumper with the yardwand at Eton or Harrow—terrible profanity! But there is no doubt that when the Englishman comes forth liberally educated and plunges into the public schools and universities of hard life and practice, he sometimes finds himself a little weak on the prose side of life. Of course, he can soon get up the lingo. He can soon write "*your esteemed communication of the 12th ult.*", can "*beg to advise*", and can "*notify*". As to "*re*", he is to the manner born—he got it in his first few lessons in Latin, and can decline it and translate it, singular and plural, quite as easily as Mr. Morgan or Mr. Osborne. And yet too often he knows himself a little child in business.

#### THE LIBERALISING OF RELIGION.

"The Development of English Theology in the Nineteenth Century, 1800-1860." By Vernon F. Storr. Longmans. 12s. 6d.

THIS is a really able and informing work, based on extensive reading, but frankly written in the interests of religious Liberalism. One would gather from it that nineteenth-century English theology had been a continuous advance of Broad Church ideas from triumph to triumph, easily brushing aside such straw-stuffed antagonists, stiffened only with illiberal prejudice, as the Evangelical and Catholic revivals. Canon Storr speaks of "*incessant conflict with the forces of ignorance, reaction and traditionalism*", of the "*collapse of the Tractarian movement*", and of the repudiation of sacerdotalism by the lay mind—though he admits the "*praiseworthy attempt*" of the sacerdotalists to "*make the layman realise more fully the meaning of his membership in the Church*". Indeed, "*the more the mind of Christ is studied, the less will Anglo-Catholicism prove compatible with it*". This is pretty strong meat from an archiepiscopal examining chaplain. We should be inclined, indeed, to agree that Evangelicalism is a dying force, and that the principles of authority and obedience on which the older High Churchmanship laid such stress have suffered defeat. The very words "*command*" and "*obey*" are fast becoming obsolete in the religious as in the secular world. And Mr. Storr exults in each assertion of the latitudinarian spirit less for the theories set forth by it—with which he is not always in agreement—than as a victory for private judgment. Neither Bible nor Church has any right to fetter the independent spirit, and though "*a peculiar authority attaches to the words of Christ*"—but why, if all authority enslaves?—even His declarations and commands should be critically examined. Canon Storr might have remembered that among the obscurantists who denounced "*Essays and Reviews*" were Tait and Thirlwall themselves—the latter, as he says, regarding even Temple's contribution as subversive of the faith's foundations. Also that he himself describes Baden-Powell's essay as calling in question the whole character of Christianity as an historical revelation, that Wilson maintained that a national Church need not even be Christian, and Powell denied free will. However, his point is that they were champions of untrammelled thought, for priests as well as laymen, and we do not challenge his right to be gratified that practically everyone can now hold or teach whatever he pleases. At any rate, liberalist ecclesiastical dignitaries do so. Diocesans have a way of descending sharply upon "*mediaevalising*" incumbents and curates.

But our author seems to assert that the Broad Church triumph extends beyond the break-up of authority to positive religious ideas. If there is one

thing, however, on which there is now almost a consensus in the learned world it is what Professor Burkitt calls "the bankruptcy of Liberal-Protestantism". Its appeal from the Epistles and Fourth Gospel to the Synoptic Evangelists—whose writings were conceived of as earlier in date than St. Paul's—from the theological and eschatological Christ to an imaginary "simple Galilean Figure", who merely went about doing good, from the Fathers and Councils to a non-doctrinal, purely ethical Christianity of the first age—in fine, the traditional formulæ of the old-fashioned Broad Churchmanship of the Liberal don and schoolmaster type—all this has been shown to be utterly unscholarly and *a priori*. The modernists themselves, with their idea of a developing Spirit of Christianity, scout the quest of Liberal Protestantism for a pre-Athanasian and pre-Pauline Jesus, who simply taught morality. Canon Storr seems aware of this critical transformation to some extent, and may plead that his pages only carry the reader down to 1860—a second volume is promised and will be welcome. But he ought to admit that the "development of English theology" in the first six decades of the nineteenth century was largely a development on false lines. He calls it negative and destructive, but claims that it cleared the ground and let in air. It vindicated the right of each generation to revise the Christian creed for itself, unhampered by what earlier ages, supposed to be especially canonical, have believed: for "the present must always be the critic of the past". The Bible itself was "only the written voice of the congregation", and the congregation changes its religious opinions as time advances. He holds with Caird that what is needed is "a thorough re-formation of the whole edifice of dogma and institution in a way which few of the friends of religion have yet realised, and still fewer have had the faith and courage to attempt". Perhaps Canon Storr places these ideas in a modified form before the ordination candidates in the diocese of Canterbury, as well as his view that "any society, however organised, which accepts the teaching of Christ"—Quakers? Unitarians?—"and looks to Him for life and inspiration, is entitled to be called part of the Catholic Church". But, at any rate, the nineteenth century, 1800-1860, effected no really re-constructive work; it only shattered. Its rationalism was not yet touched with the historic or the reverential spirit. Maurice's own verdict on the Liberal divines was this: "Their breadth appears to me to be narrowness. They include all kinds of opinions; but what message have they for the people who do not live on opinions?"

As the century went on, its dominating idea became that of evolution, of organic growth and continuity. There is something relative to their time in all beliefs. On the other hand, development must be according to type, or there is no real continuousness in the growing organism. Canon Storr's cavalier treatment of the Catholic revival as merely reactionary seems to rest on an ignoring of the need for the reassertion of the unchangeableness of the "faith once for all committed to the saints", and of the essential supernaturalism of the Christian revelation. He pays lip-homage to the latter, and well defines theology as "religion in its systematised and reflective form". He also observes that "the connexion of Christian dogmas with the Person of Jesus Christ is absolutely vital". Dogma is "faith translated into terms of reflexion and formulated in the language of reason. It is dangerous to maintain that the perfection of religion is independent of its intellectual formulation". Maurice, he remarks, was dogmatic to the core. But then we drift away into cheap talk about metaphysical logomachies, about the constructions of the human intellect being set above the eternal facts of revelation, and the study of Conciliar definitions in the past being substituted for the science of the living God.

We have not perhaps, however, done justice to the really valuable features of the present volume, especially the chapters on German philosophy, and the study of the influence on English theology of such diverse

forces as romanticism, physical science, and democracy. Physics contributed the great ideas of development and unity; democracy, with its humanitarian craving for fellowship, struck at the old Liberal individualism; romanticism brought back the emotional element into religion, not in the Methodist form, but with the glamour of beauty and art and reverence for the past. On the whole, however, the Romanticists stood apart from the Catholic movement, which was too austere, doctrinal and primitive for their merely æsthetic and self-conscious temperament.

One or two trifling corrections. So clerly a work ought not to speak of "a phenomena" (p. 238) or of "impartation" (p. 331). It should not confuse "sacramentarian" (p. 403) with sacramentalist—the Sacramentarians were the anti-sacramental Zwinglians. And absence of restraint on poetry may be all very well; but how can "the spring of feeling, which should be allowed to flow freely over the soil around it" (p. 30) "reflect the beauty of the changing skies"? We should have supposed it would do this better if "confined by a kerb".

#### NOVELS.

"The Duchess of Wrexhe," By Hugh Walpole. Secker. 6s.

THIS is a decidedly clever novel of the transition period. It satirises, delicately and good-humouredly, and therefore effectively, the social system that passed with Queen Victoria, killed by the Boer War. It suggests, not tediously or obtrusively, speculation as to the new order which will replace the old, stirring such pregnant questions as whether Collectivism or Socialism will prevail, whether altruism will conquer hedonism. To put it colloquially, Mr. Hugh Walpole asks the same question that a certain duchess, with a philosophical mind, asked a great Whig statesman the other day: "What's to become of the Duke?" Mr. Walpole is acquainted with the society whose break-up he half laments, half laughs at. Bearing a name of fame and fashion in its day, he is able to sympathise with the Beaminster creed, and, what is more, to describe it. A little exaggeration must be allowed to the satirist. A dowager duchess, who had never left her room for thirty years, might tyrannise over her family and her servants, but hardly over London society. It is more than half a century since Disraeli wrote: "The world is no longer governed by pedigrees; it is too knowing". However, in those days Disraeli was himself a rebel against the Duchess of Wrexhe; and, as we said, we are quite willing to pass Mr. Walpole's draft upon our credulity as to the secret power of the invisible duchess, as without it the book could not have been written.

We shall not spoil sport by telling Mr. Walpole's plot; besides, the summary of a novel or a play is the greatest of bores. For our part, we love the Duchess of Wrexhe, with her clear-headed contempt of humanitarianism, of muddlers, of all "the brainless vulgarity" of the transition period; with her determination to keep all bounders and American women at arm's length by means of state and ceremony—in a word, by manners. The best thing in the book is the last interview of the dying duchess with Rachel, her granddaughter: "I've had my time. I hate the new generation, the manly woman and the soft man, with all his sentimental nonsense about caring for other people. Think of yourself, fight for yourself, keep up your pride—that's the only way the world's ever been run." And that's the way the world was run by the aristocracy, until the South African War came and showed that the aristocracy had lost its power, not only of governing, but of fighting. Dukes and earls and their brothers and sons went out to the war readily enough, but the aristocracy did not distinguish itself in the Transvaal. No Marlborough, or Wellesley, or Granby emerged from the war, only Roberts and Kitchener. Mr. Walpole depicts very skilfully and vividly the dissolvent effect of the war on our spirits and institutions. But as a matter of artistic effect



he would have done better to close the story with the death of the Duchess. Chapters XII. and XIII. are barely saved from bathos by the description of the Mafeking crowd, and the moralising thereon.

The love interest of the story is derived from the struggle between the patrician and gipsy blood in two hybrids, Rachel and Francis. Both were grandchildren of the Duchess: Rachel's mother was a Russian actress: the father of Francis was a card-sharper drunkard. The two cousins were therefore half ducal and half Bohemian in their characters, and of course they fall in love with one another, after Rachel had married a rosy Sussex baronet, who is not such a fool as he seems. The Beaminster—i.e., the ducal—blood, and an accident by which the husband is reduced to a bed-ridden invalid, save Rachel from an elopement with the Bedouin cousin. The trap which was laid for the old Duchess by the three young people was blackguardly, but then ducal families have been known to do blackguard things—occasionally. Mr. Walpole interests us so much and writes so well that we beg of him to avoid archaisms such as "discourage" for cowardice, and to drop the vile American trick of inversion, such as "him all this time she closely observed", or, "followed there swiftly upon that the knowledge that Roddy Seddon was to be", etc. Tricks of style and disused words are affectation, which is accursed. The overwhelming effect of simplicity and clearness may be discovered in Voltaire and Swift amongst philosophers, and in Thackeray and Trollope amongst novelists. But Mr. Hugh Walpole is far above most of his contemporaries, and as a combination of love, social satire and political philosophy of the lighter kind we recommend the "Duchess of Wrex" to the readers of novels.

**"Initiation." By Robert Hugh Benson. Hutchinson. 1914. 6s.**

Behind the work of Monsignor Benson is the driving force of deep religious conviction. His novels are frankly novels with a purpose. He writes in an interesting way, and chooses the novel rather than the tract because it ensures him a wider public. His books are a means of propaganda. They aim at popularising, and familiarising people with, the Roman Catholic system and setting it forth in its most attractive light. He does not resort to crude methods of controversy. Religious doctrines and differences are seldom openly discussed in his pages, but he manages to produce in subtler fashion that peculiar Catholic atmosphere which is so strangely different from any form of Protestantism. He is an accomplished sophist in the best sense of that discredited word. The point of "Initiation" is to preach Christ crucified. It is only when we understand the symbol of the Cross, when we can accept pain and suffering and sacrifice without defiance or cowardly submission, that we are really initiated into the secret of Christianity. Monsignor Benson's thesis is to prove the value of pain, to show that it is not the greatest of evils, that it may be not an evil at all but a good; that a curse, if truly the shadow of a blessing, may be that very blessing that could come no otherwise than in sombre dress. So he shows us Sir Nevill Fanning, young, rich, attractive, a Catholic by birth but a Pagan at heart, undergoing the process of initiation. Sir Nevill hates pain and suffering in every form with a savage hatred. He longs for the joy of life in all its simplicity and naturalness, but finds himself involved in more than the common lot of suffering. The girl he loves proves a bitter disappointment. Then after bouts of intense physical agony he finds himself doomed by the sins of his father to an early death. He undergoes a terrible operation only to learn that in a few months he must die. Monsignor Benson traces the effect upon his character of all this suffering, through a period of bitter resentment and rebellion to the time when at last his initiation is complete and he finds peace and rest in accepting his lot. "The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. That is in Nature, as we say. And the New Law says that the children ought to be ready

to accept it, willingly. That is the whole idea of Atonement, is it not?" Despite its somewhat sombre subject, Monsignor Benson has written an attractive story.

**"Ten Minute Stories." By Algernon Blackwood. John Murray. 6s.**

Unlike Henri Fabre and other great modern scientists who have revealed the barbarity of Nature and her Pagan antagonism to man and civilisation, Mr. Blackwood teaches her sympathy and harmony with humanity and preaches the optimist gospel of St. Francis and his disciples—brothers and sisters to moon and sun, to wind and sea and all God's dumb creation. Perhaps "Ten Minute Stories" do not altogether hold the charm of some of Mr. Blackwood's earlier studies, for he has somewhat departed from his older pathway, and there is a touch of the short semi-scientific sketches of Mr. H. G. Wells about them. But they are as many-mooded as their author, and Mr. Blackwood deftly plays upon nigh all the strings in the artist's gamut—eeriness and quaintness, comedy and tragedy. The sketches are reprints, but in book form they appeal by their brevity and conciseness. "Accessory Before the Fact" is the strange tale of a presentiment of coming evil which Martin, an accountant on holiday, experiences during a moorland tramp. It is stamped with the weirdness of Edgar Allan Poe's "Stories of Mystery and Imagination". "The Deferred Appointment", wherein the spirit of a dying man sits to a photographer true to his promise, is thrilling, especially as the plate afterwards only reveals "a streak of brilliant whiteness" which fades away again. The story of the telephone as the bearer of a hidden message is more hackneyed and a little fussily written. But "If the Cap Fits", in which a dry-as-dust naturalist who disbelieves in psychometry takes the hat of a man given to melancholia and attempts to commit suicide and nearly jumps into the river himself while wearing it, is finely carried out. Mr. Blackwood throws his occultism into strong relief by making all his characters the most ordinary types of men and women. Even his photographer is named Jenkyns, and lives at Shepherd's Bush, and the spirit he photographs is that of a local bookseller named Wilson. This strengthens the realism of the narratives, some of which are comparable with the briefer stories of Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. Grant Allen.

**"Sarah Eden." By E. S. Stevens. Mills and Boon. 6s.**

In her new novel Miss Stevens has attempted the necessarily difficult task of sketching the character of a religious mystic. Sarah Eden, by her obduracy at the revivalist meetings of her girlhood, showed that she was not one to become a slave to every passing storm of emotion. Her natural inclination was that of the practical woman towards good works; yet there is in most of us a desire, whether open or latent, for romance. Perhaps on account of her unhappy marriage, or perhaps because some new train of thought had been laid by her brief acquaintance with Lomax the artist, she came to demand something that was not comprised in the round of her plain duties. Sarah's departure for Jerusalem with her little band of followers is accounted for by good reasons as well as by the author's wish to change the scene. Later a new element is introduced by the younger Lomax and Sarah's daughter, their meeting leading to the appearance of love in a community vowed to celibacy. The troubles through which these two pass in the following chapters are the mere commonplaces of fiction; but there is a great deal of good work in this novel. As usual, Miss Stevens is at her best in her descriptions of the East. Here are to be found passages and pages better than anything she has written since "The Mountain of God". It is not only by her details of splendour and poverty, but also by the atmosphere she creates, that we know her to be one who has both seen the Orient and become impregnated with its spirit. Further, she has in the person of Sarah given us the most interesting and important human figure in any of her books.



**"The Purple Mists." By F. E. Mills Young. John Lane. 6s.**

Miss Mills Young's new novel marks a distinct advance in her work. It is a well-written tale of South Africa with a strong emotional love interest. In it she handles with enough originality the well-worn theme of misunderstanding between husband and wife. Euretta Monkswell marries John Shaw to escape from an unsympathetic home. She soon learns to love him, but he doubts her sincerity. They remain at cross purposes—he wrapped up in his profession and too reserved to let his wife share his troubles, she imagining he has ceased to love her. So, divided by a host of unspoken resentments, they drift farther, farther apart. A lover appears on the scene and there is danger of an irrevocable parting. But after long estrangement and unhappiness come explanations and reconciliation, and husband and wife are reunited. As is usual in such cases the little child is the *deus ex machina*. When John Shaw unexpectedly finds Euretta in tears with their little boy the position is irresistible. The moral of the story is that people "shouldn't keep their feelings under lock and key". Miss Mills Young writes with vigour and her pictures of the veldt are particularly well done. But she needs to cultivate restraint in the use of adjectives.

**"It Happened in Egypt." By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Methuen. 6s.**

Mr. and Mrs. Williamson have invented the guide-book novel, and have acted as our conductors to many pleasant scenes and countries. Their personally conducted tours find increasing favour every year. They know just how to extract the popular human elements out of places, the things which guide-books most neglect, and to serve them up attractively with a piquant love-story. They see Egypt with eyes of the popular tourist. They are admirably correct in their admirations, and are ecstatic at the right moments. It is correct to admire the desert. So the Williamsons: "We adore the desert. We want to spend our lives in it. Thank goodness we have two nights here, on the golden shore of the blue Birket Karun, all that's left of Lake Moeris of which Strabo and Herodotus raved. From the dune-sheltered plateau where our white tents cluster, the glitter of water in the desert is like a mirage—a mysterious melancholy sheet of steel and silver turning to ruby in the sunset, with dark birds skimming over the clear surface". There is plenty of this as background to a very modern story of a wilful American heiress, Rosamund Gilder, Biddy, her friend the widow of an anarchist, Lord Ernest Borrow, and Anthony Fenton, who, disguised as an Arab, is engaged as dragoman. The reader's curiosity is piqued as to the likely marriages, and many adventures occur before he is satisfied.

**"The Ransom for London." By J. S. Fletcher. John Lane. 6s.**

Mr. Fletcher's "The Ransom for London" is the most vivid story of the invasion of England kind that has come our way. Of course, the plot spins along at such high pressure throughout that the climax is foredoomed to appear somewhat tame. But the idea is original, and, considering our great progress in scientific research, far from impossible. It tells how an Italian scientist, Signor Vespucci (who reminds one of the poison-traffickers of the Middle Ages and of the Borgias and Medicis), holds the secret of a marvellous etheric poison, an unknown force which leaves no trace, is totally unseen and immediately destroys life in its area. Now Vespucci and his confederates threaten to put it to evil uses and declare an insidious and fatal war on society unless a ransom of ten million pounds is paid to them by the British Government. What happens, and the exciting adventures which befall the Prime Minister and other lesser characters in the book, must be left for the reader's pleasure. Some of the names are amusing disguises of well-known personages—surely "Signor Ynasi", the famous violinist, is no other than Ysaye, and is not "Signor Marento" intended for Caruso?

**"Behind the Scenes in the Schoolroom." By Florence Montgomery. Macmillan. 6s.**

Miss Florence Montgomery, who will always be remembered as the author of "Misunderstood", seems to have a remarkable capacity for entering into the intimacies of the child-mind. She writes of children as one who loves and understands them and with wrath against certain women of to-day who cannot be bothered with them and leave their care to servants. Her novel, which is in the form of the experiences of a young governess, is addressed especially to parents, and although the love story in it is crude, the book is worth reading for the study of child life.

**LATEST BOOKS.**

**"Wild Game in Zambia." By R. C. F. Maugham. Murray. 12s. net.**

We confess to a growing irritation with big game books; because every big game book and record means so much less of big game in the world. To shoot is in some cases to conserve. This is obviously so in England, for example, with pheasants and with partridges—about which the Chancellor of the Exchequer from sheer ignorance or for vote-bagging ends talks such barbarous rubbish, and about which the rich and fashionable Socialists have lately been babbling mere babyisms. But to shoot obviously is often *not* to conserve in Africa; and one hates to think of elephants, those glorious beasts, going down for the absurd sake of a trophy to be stuck up on a wall or over the front door. On the other hand, the big game hunters of to-day are far more judicious than they were a few years or a generation ago. They do recognise that there should be limits to slaughter and they themselves press not seldom for areas and periods of preservation. We think that Mr. Maugham is quite one of the more enlightened big game hunters, and so can read his book without the anger that sometimes arises against rifle records. One always turns first in books of the kind to the lion and the elephant; and perhaps after that to the buffalo; and Mr. Maugham's book has many most interesting touches about all three. It is the simple and direct account of a keen shooting man. Mr. Maugham bears witness to the gradual increase of the buffalo, which was almost wiped out by the terrible disease of 1896. After that havoc he saw places white with its bones.

**"With the Russians in Mongolia." By H. G. C. Perry-Ayscough and R. B. Otter-Barry. Lane. 12s.**

This book on Russo-China will interest many, for the theme is not common. It is not illumined by imagination: rather, it is crammed with statistic; but it achieves its object—it records fact. Russia was ever ambitious of conquest. The first Russian negotiations with Mongolia are very interesting and give a glimpse into the methods of diplomacy. The book is full of strange character and incident. Mongolian women with headdresses of silver studded with turquoise like the hill-woman in Kipling's "Kim" flash through its pages, and there is a weird sorcerer beating a drum before a kadumick tent to remind one of the Shaman in "The Magnetic North". One of the most interesting parts of the book deals with Urga, the capital of Mongolia, inhabited by Russians, Mongols and Chinese. Naturally, the old Mongolian quarter attracted the writers most in a land which shrieks aloud for the reforms of civilisation, though, where poetry and folklore are concerned, these reforms are destructive. Urga, in the native tongue, is "Da-Huraz", or Great Monastery. It is a symbolical name for this ancient place, for it implies its supremacy in the mind and religion of the land which is so closely akin to the Tibetan. Like Tibet Mongolia possesses its Lamas, and Urga, the sacred city, is the abode of the Hu-tu-Ku, "the spiritual and temporal ruler". The Pope of Mongolia, as we see him in the frontispiece, is, to English eyes, like a replica of the Dalai Lama of Tibet. Indeed, Tibetan is spoken at the university of Urga, around which, in the university buildings, 10,000 professors, priests and students can dwell! Truly a Mongol swarm which would have gladdened the eyes of Jenghiz or Kublai Khan! A beautiful bronze Buddha, 100 feet high, adorns a giant temple, and it seems that the education of the graduates is largely given them by scholars from Lhasa, so that the Tibetan influence rules absolutely in Mongolia. The authors tell an anecdote of an examination of three students which reads rather like the questions asked of Verdant Green when he was a freshman:

(1) Does the mountain called Bukung Buru, mentioned in the book of Buddha, rest in the ocean or on the ocean?

(2) What is the difference between a man sitting on a tree and a man standing on the ground?

**"The Romance of Names." By Ernest Weekley, M.A. John Murray. 3s. 6d. net.**

This is a clever and authentic etymology, tracing the history of English proper names to their many sources. The result is often as entertaining as it is illuminating and curious. For many

of our most romantic names have all the romance rubbed off them, whilst some of the most common and despised have new romance rubbed in. It can be no joy to a Camoys to learn that his name is simply old French for "flat-nosed", or to a Curzon that he is named "short", while a Stubbs is his English namesake and rival, and he might etymologically convert his proud motto of "What Curzon has, let Curzon hold" into "What Stumpy has, let Stumpy hold"! The commonplace "Bunkers" are really "bon cœurs", and even the Dickensian Mr. Boffin spells "bon-fin" (good and fine) and Mr. Bumble "bon-bel" (good and beautiful), and are as lights hidden under bushels. Etymology is ever surprising and fascinating, and Mr. Weekley's scholarly book certainly presents it in all its allurements of language, association, history, and sentiment.

"Vagabond's Way." By Nancy Price. Illustrated by A. S. Hartrick. John Murray. 6s.

A curious feminine sense of humour and love of Nature in all moods mark this lighthearted ramble among the fells and mountains of Cumberland. Miss Price seems to have the sight of childhood which makes fairyland on the tennis-lawn and makes Pan-pipes out of chimney-pots. She is one of the people who have never lost it, and thus the record of her tramping has charm. And she delights in old coachmen, like a feminine Dickens, and introduces us to aged country dames, wrinkled with wisdom as a Rembrandt. Miss Price knows Cumberland really well.

"Manual of Egyptian Archaeology." By Sir G. Maspero. Grevel. 6s. net.

On the whole "a manual" has come to denote a thing in book's clothing which is not to be read—only to be referred to like the A.B.C. or a year book. Few things in a small way are more nettling to a man with a shelf or case of beloved books than his discovery that someone has tidied his room and put some handbook or other cheek by jowl with the treasured editions of his favourite authors. But Sir Gaston Maspero's book is not of that kidney at all. It is hardly a hand or guide book at all in the usual sense, though it can be used and consulted as one.

It is, first, a book to read and be taught and delighted by, and we are glad to find it has reached a sixth (English) edition, which has been translated afresh and enlarged by Miss Agnes S. Johns. The descriptions of the tombs of the Egyptians are very clear and excellent. One may remark, especially, on that curious and beautiful account of the Stela and the offerings to the dead. The Egyptians realised that after two or three generations the dead of bygone times "would be neglected in favour of others more recent"; they guarded, therefore, against the poor forgotten dead starving! They hit upon a happy device; they inscribed on the Stela a list of the drink and food the dead one would need, with an invocation to the Gods, Osiris or Anubis, to supply him with all good things needful. The Egyptians recognised that inevitable oblivion—"O last regret, regret can die"—which we dare not think of.

"The Navy League Annual." Edited by Alan H. Burgoyne. Seventh year of issue. Murray. 5s.

There are certain distinct improvements in the 1913 "Navy League Annual". For one thing, the plans are larger and clearer; for another, there are chapters dealing with naval aviation which are in competent technical hands. There is, as a rule, far too general a tendency in discussing the air service to mix up a possible future with a much inferior present. Air craft, like all other arms, have their limitations; and for the benefit of our aerial position it is of the utmost importance that actual facts should be presented. Our early backwardness in submarines was mostly, if not entirely, due to a revulsion against the exaggerated claims of inventors and enthusiasts who had taken them at face value. Beyond the aerial articles there is little of importance or interest except the editorial contribution on the progress of the world's navies.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

### ART.

Drawings by the Old Masters in the Library of Christ Church, Oxford (C. F. Bell). Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 2s. 6d. net.  
Art (Clive Bell). Chatto and Windus. 5s. net.

### BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Letters of Lady Hester Stanhope (By her Niece, the Duchess of Cleveland). Murray. 15s. net.  
Saint Augustin (Louis Bertrand). Constable. 7s. 6d. net.  
Tolstoy (Edward Garnett). Constable. 1s. net.  
Madame Du Barry (Edmond and Jules de Goncourt). Long. 12s. 6d. net.

### FICTION.

John o' Jamestown (Vaughan Kester). Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.  
Barbed Wire (E. Everett-Green). Stanley Paul. 6s.  
The Heart of the Moor (Beatrice Chase). Jenkins. 6s.  
A Lady and Her Husband (Amber Reeves). Heinemann. 6s.  
Life is a Dream (Richard Curle). Kegan Paul. 6s.  
The White Linen Nurse (Eleanor Hallowell Abbott). 6s.; The Master Hand (Jacques Futrelle), 2s. net. Hodder and Stoughton.

### HISTORY.

History of the Nations (Edited by Walter Hutchinson). Part II. Hutchinson. 7d. net.  
The Quakers—Past and Present (Dorothy M. Richardson). Constable. 1s. net.

### LAW.

The Trial of the Seddons (Edited by Filson Young). Edinburgh: Hodge. 5s. net.

### NATURAL HISTORY AND SPORT.

Wild Game in Zambesia (R. C. F. Maugham). Murray. 12s. net.  
Hounds: Their Points and Management (Frank Townend Barton). Long. 5s. net.

### REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

L'Ecolière et autres contes (Léon Frapié); Vies de Plutarque (Amyot). Vol. I. Nelson. 1s. net each.  
Cairo of To-day: A Practical Guide to Cairo and the Nile (Eustace Reynolds-Ball). Black. 2s. 6d. net.  
Simplified Spelling. Simplified Spelling Society. 6d. net.  
The Wayfarers' Library.—Running Water (A. E. W. Mason); The Professor's Legacy (Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick); Shrewsbury (Stanley Weyman); The Defendant (G. K. Chesterton); The Astonishing History of Troy Town (Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch). Dent. 1s. each.  
Selected English Short Stories—Nineteenth Century (With an Introduction by Hugh Walker). Oxford University Press. 1s. net.  
The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri (Translated by E. M. Shaw). Constable. 8s. 6d. net.  
Florilegio di Canti Toscani: Folk Songs of the Tuscan Hills (With English Renderings by Grace Warrack). Moring. 10s. 6d. net.

### SCHOOL BOOKS.

Garment Construction in Schools (Ada Hicks), 4s. 6d.; Practical Mathematics for Technical Students. Part I. (T. S. Usherwood and C. J. A. Trimble), 3s. 6d.; The Children's Shakespeare: Scenes from the Plays, with Introductory Readings. Henry V. 4d. Macmillan.

### SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

The Concept of Consciousness (Edwin B. Holt). Allen. 12s. 6d. net.

### THEOLOGY.

The Athanasian Creed (Douglas Macleane). Pitman. 2s. 6d. net.  
The Fourfold Gospel. Section II.: The Beginning (Edwin A. Abbott). Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d. net.  
Theological Symbolics (Charles Augustus Briggs), 10s. 6d.; Vital Problems of Religion (Rev. J. K. Cohn), 5s. net. Edinburgh: Clark.  
The Practice of Christianity (By the Author of "Pro Christo et Ecclesia"). Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.

### TRAVEL.

Russia of the Russians (Harold Whitmore Williams). Pitman. 6s. net.  
La Géographie de Terre-Neuve (Robert Perret). Paris: Guilmoto. 10 francs.  
Rambles in Rome (G. E. Troutbeck). Mills and Boon. 6s.

### VERSE AND DRAMA.

Echoes from the Gospels (Marcus S. C. Rickards). Clifton: Baker. 2s. 6d. net.  
Ball-Room Ballads (K. L. Orde). Goschen.  
Atil in Gortland and other Poems (Henry Ransome). Oxford: Blackwell. 2s. 6d. net.  
The New Parsifal: An Operatic Fable (R. C. Trevelyan). Chiswick Press. 3s. 6d. net.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

An Introduction to Logic: From the Standpoint of Education (L. J. Russell). Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.  
First Year's Working of the Liverpool Docks Scheme, The (R. Williams), 2s. 6d. net; Facts versus Fancies on Woman Suffrage (Chrystal Macmillan), 4d. net. King.  
Land Retort, The (Charles Adeane and Edwin Savill). Murray. 2s. 6d. net.  
New Era in Asia, The (George Sherwood Eddy). Edinburgh: Oliphant. 3s. 6d. net.  
Noted Murder Mysteries (Philip Curtin). Simpkin. 7s. 6d. net.  
Paroles devant la Vie (Alexandre Mercereau). Paris: Figuière. 3 fr. 50.  
People's Books, The.—Bismarck and the Origin of the German Empire (Prof. F. M. Powicke); The Industrial Revolution (Arthur Jones); Empire and Democracy (G. S. Veitch); Applications of Electricity for Non-Technical Readers (Alexander Ogilvie); Luther, and the Reformation (Leonard D. Agate); Architecture (Mrs. Arthur Bell); Schopenhauer (Margrieta Beer); Wild Flowers (Macgregor Skene); Principles of Logic (Stanley Williams); The Foundations of Religion (Stanley A. Cook); A History of Rome (A. F. Giles); Land, Industry and Taxation (Frederick Verinder). Jack. 6d. net each.  
Reign of Sir Edward Carson (Hon. George Peel). King. 2s. 6d. net.  
Riddle of Egypt, The: A Handbook to the Study of Anglo-Egyptian Affairs (M. Travers Symons). Palmer. 3s. 6d. net.  
Rubber: Its Sources, Cultivation and Preparation (Harold Brown). Murray. 6s. net.  
Secrets of the Tango (S. B. Chester). Werner Laurie. 6d. net.  
Shakespeare et la Superstition Shakespearienne (Georges Pellissier). Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50.  
Walt Whitman: A Critical Study (Basil de Selincourt). Secker. 7s. 6d. net.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY:—Mercure de France, 1 fr. 50; Mécheroutiette; Revue des Deux Mondes, 3 fr.; The Atlantic Monthly, 1s. net; The Theosophical Path, 1s.; The North American Review, 1s. net; Mastery, 6d. net; The Asiatic Quarterly Review, 2s. 6d. net.



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General Settlement, Feb. 26.		
Consols Settlement, March 2.		

DEARER money, firmer discount rates and the uncertain political outlook have been contributory causes to the depression of Stock Exchange securities during the week; but on full consideration of these factors, and of the extent of their influence in the House, one is inclined to the belief that the principal seat of the depression is in Paris. During the past few years French operations in British securities have expanded to an appreciable extent, and when Paris becomes monetarily embarrassed, there is always the possibility of serious French liquidation here. The reports that several "agents de change" are in difficulties have exaggerated the uneasiness to a considerable extent, but it may be pointed out that these official brokers are appointed by the Minister of Finance, and the probability is that they will be assisted by the Bank of France, or quietly retire in the course of time.

On the other hand, the position of some of the syndicates which are interested in highly speculative shares is different. These cliques, which are in difficulties, have been barred from further operations on the Bourse until their position becomes improved, and, seeing that the big French banks have refused to assist them, the future attitude of these syndicates is naturally awaited with some anxiety here. Further heavy shipments of gold have passed into French hands from various quarters during the week, and the passive resistance to the depression displayed by the Bourse points to the conclusion that the French situation depends largely upon the amount of confidence which is extended by those quarters where a plethora of money still exists.

In consequence of the increased Continental demand for gold, close upon a million has been sent abroad during the week, but Thursday's Bank statement proved to be much more favourable than was anticipated, the Reserve, which now stands at £32,899,000, showing only the small reduction of £595,000. London remains the cheapest monetary centre, but at present there are no indications of the Stock markets being seriously disturbed by foreign demands for gold, and the narrower margin now existing between the official discount rate and the open market rates is considered to be a favourable factor.

Although dearer money has curbed public response to new loan flotations, it is obvious that investors are reluctant to support any issue which does not yield a comparatively big return. The Chilean Government issue of £1,500,000 in Five per Cent. Annuity bonds at £94 per cent. met with good response, and the scrip was immediately quoted at half premium upon the Stock Exchange. The Hungarian Government loan of £3,000,000 Four and a Half per Cents., at £90 15s. per cent., of which £1,500,000 was already taken up, was also well supported, and dealings in the scrip were recorded at a half premium. The most important Industrial issue of the week was the Algoma Steel Corporation £500,000 Six per Cent. Gold Notes, offered at 96 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The Constantinople Telephone Co. offered £200,000 Six per Cent. bonds at 97 per cent. Messrs. Erlanger and Co. issued 240,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each at 21s. on behalf of the South American Stores, Ltd.; and the St. Louis Breweries offered £450,000 Six per Cent. Mortgage Debentures at £97 per cent.

These loans, with several other smaller issues, have naturally had a tendency to check operations in the market for existing securities, and, influenced to a great extent by the Continental difficulties referred to above, Consols and kindred securities have experienced

a marked relapse during the week. The present price of Consols yields over £3 5s. per cent. to the investor, and, unless the unexpected happens, by Paris developing a "panicky" situation next week, there is no reason to suppose that Gilt-edged securities will be on a bigger yielding basis in the near future. The extent of the week's relapse has been a surprise to many prominent dealers, in view of the comparatively moderate adverse influences, and, taking the investment side of the House as a whole, the undertone is really "bullish".

French depression has indirectly reacted on Home Railway securities, and, despite the favourable nature of the last of the dividends, all leading stocks have been steadily liquidated, many being a whole point below last week's level. The Great Western declaration at the rate of 8 per cent. compared with 7 $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. for the previous year. Apart from the increased dividend, the figures for the half-year are particularly gratifying, because, whereas nothing was placed to reserve a year ago, £200,000 is now placed to this account, and at the present price Great Western stock yields about 5 $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. to the investor. Owing to the larger capital of the London and South-Western Co., the increased dividend of 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. upon the Deferred stock required about £75,000 more than a year ago; but, despite this, the company has carried forward £42,600, compared with £36,840 for the previous year.

American securities are still wanting in stability. Arbitrage houses continue to engage in short speculative commitments, but the general feeling is too fickle at the moment to assure the outside operator a reasonable chance of securing a profit. News of preparations of big issues of capital is the greatest unsettling influence in New York, but intending operators here will no doubt witness a more consistent market after President Wilson has given his decision upon the question of freight rates. Canadian Pacific shares have shown a great deal of activity, and considering the continued good traffic receipts and German investing influences, these shares appear to offer the best that the American market can give at the moment. Grand Trunk issues have recorded several fractional improvements on account of expanding traffic, but Foreign Railways as a whole show no indication of maintained improvement, mainly owing to the political uncertainty in the South American States. The recent issues of debentures by the Buenos Ayres Great Southern and Central Argentine Companies are, however, quoted at about 5 premium, which gives some indication of the market feeling.

The topic of the week in the Mining market has been the further sensational advance in Russian shares. Good and bad alike have enjoyed the attention, if not the confidence, of both public and professional operators. It may be presumed that the Russo-Asiatic property, although in a state of crudity, has a reasonable prospect of profitable development, as speculators are courageous enough to pay £6 for a £1 share. Russian Mining Estates, after "making up" at 17s. 6d. at the last account, were forced up to 27-16 by the most reckless of speculators on a remarkable rumour concerning a certain Royal personage and his expenditure of three-quarters of a million on the property which the Russian Mining Co. has been fortunate enough to secure; but the limit of confidence in this Russian craze was reached when speculators turned their attention to the shares of the Siberian Props. concern. The principal assets of this company are the Troitz and Orsk properties, and thousands of shares of these latter subsidiaries can be freely had upon the Stock Exchange at about threepence or sixpence apiece, so that, unless the Siberian Props. Co. has been equally fortunate in securing promising territory, the advance of their shares to 7-16 seems hardly warranted.

Rubber issues advanced at one time on firmer Rubber prices, but have since relapsed again, and Oil shares have been quiet and dull; whilst other Industrial securities, including Bank and Brewery issues, have been undecided in tendency.



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In face of these adverse figures, however much their importance may have been lessened by other causes of contraction, only one conclusion seems possible—the representatives of the company found it difficult to convince people that the business was in sound condition, justifying the expectation of liberal bonuses being paid hereafter. If such was the trouble last year, it is probable that the agents will have harder work to perform during the current period, as the Edinburgh Life was again most unfortunate in the matter of its investments, and the first annual investigation resulted in a small net surplus and the declaration of somewhat unattractive bonuses.

Actually, the prosperity of the company was as great, if not greater, than in any previous year, for the trading profits amounted to £98,410, and were the largest recorded. Of that sum £53,564 was required to meet further depreciation that had occurred during the twelve months, £46,187 having to be written off Stock Ex-

(Continued on page 252.)

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